THE

NOBLE PEASANT,

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN THE

HAYMARKET.

By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR the eaſe and convenience of the Provincial Theatres, as well as to gratify the Curioſity of the Reader, thoſe Paſſages and Songs, which were omitted in the Repreſentation, are put between inverted Commas. Scenes, which often are tedious in the Theatre, amuſe in the Cloſet; and it would, perhaps, be an experiment not much to the advantage of moſt Theatrical Productions, to reſtore, on any Stage, Paſſages which, without great Experience, it would be difficult to give a reaſon, why they ſhould not be reſtored.

The Fable relates to Times ſo remote, that the taſk of ſupporting dialogue, in which Wit is neceſſary, and yet of not offending the manners of thoſe Times, is no eaſy one. Glory is often acquired in proportion as impediments are overcome: Far be it, however, from the Author to inſinuate in what degree he is intitled to this kind of praiſe; that Deciſion reſts with the Public, and it cannot be in hands more equitable.

Ambitious of deriving Fame from a ſource whence Fame has ſo often flowed, from Poetry, the Author has paid an attention to the Songs, which he hopes the Lovers of Poetry will approve. Should they really poſſeſs Excellence, it is ſtill to be expected it muſt often remain unnoticed. The Poetical Beauties of the Songs in the Duenna are frequently overlooked, but they are not therefore the leſs beautiful. In ſome inſtances Poetry has here been obliged to give place to Situation and other Accidents, and pretends to no Charms.

To Mr. Shield, the Author of the Muſic, every Praiſe, every Reſpect is due! The univerſal Admiration he has received on this, as well as on various former occaſions, muſt give Pleaſure to every ingenuous mind: For who can forbear being happy at the proſperity of a Man, whoſe Head and whoſe Heart are equally ſuperior? The NOBLE PEASANT owes much, very much of its ſucceſs to the Genius of the Muſician. The Airs not only poſſeſs Sweetneſs and Originality, but they are learned likewiſe; and, what is far to be preferred, they have Paſſion and Enthuſiaſm: The very Accompaniments are full of theſe ineſtimable Qualities. If Friendſhip be not more than partial, the firſt Song in the third Act is, in particular, in all its Parts, worthy of the greateſt Maſter Harmony ever inſpired:

ſpired: and yet, to ſingle out this Song, only, is doing great injuſtice to the reſt. There is little danger, indeed, in declaring ſuch Opinions, for every one declares the ſame.

To all thoſe whoſe Talents have contributed to the ſucceſs of this Opera, from the greateſt to the leaſt, the Author returns his Thanks. He forbears to recite Names, becauſe diſtinctions are difficult; and becauſe he cannot, without an appearance of ſeeking to flatter, mention them with all the Reſpect he wiſhes, ſhould he mention them at all.

UPPER MARY-LE-BONE-STREET,
AUGUST 14, 1784.

[*The Words of the Glees are Parodies, as are thoſe of Song* IX, *Act* II. *The Name of the Muſical Compoſer is printed at the Beginning of each Song.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONARD,	Mr. PALMER.
EARL WALTER,	Mr. AICKIN.
EARL EGBERT,	Mr. PARSONS.
ANLAFF,	Mr. GARDENER.
HAROLD,	Mr. RILEY.
ADAM BELL,	Mr. BANNISTER.
CLYM O' THE CLOUGH,	Mr. BRETT.
WILL CLOUDESLEE,	Mr. DAVIES.
DWARF,	Miss BRETT.
FOOL,	Mr. EDWIN.

KNIGHTS, WARRIORS, ARCHERS, MESSENGERS, SERVANTS, HERALD.

EDWITHA,	Mrs. BANNISTER.
ADELA,	Miss GEORGE.
ALICE,	Miss MORRIS.

The Scene is the Caſtle of Earl Walter, the adjacent Foreſt and the Valley. The time is ſomewhat leſs than two days.

THE
NOBLE PEASANT,
A
COMIC OPERA.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. Sheeld.

SCENE I.

The Scene is a Foreſt—Deer ſeen at a diſtance—The Archers are hid beneath a very thick foliage—They are heard ſinging a glee, and, after ſinging a part of it, appear and finiſh it.

Enter Adam Bell, Will Cloudeſlee, Clym o' the Clough, &c. *dreſſed in the old* Engliſh *faſhion, with their bows and arrows, ſwords, &c.*

GLEE.

SMITH.

COME, my good fellows, and quit the bower,
The Sun no longer ſeems to lour;
Your arrows bring, your bows of yew,
With ſilver tips and ſilken clue;
And let the luſty bugle horn
Tell of the death of deer forlorn:
With fatal note reſounding,
What tho' he be ſwift and bounding,

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Shall tell the death of deer forlorn.

Adam. Well said, and well sung, my merry hearts. But where's Leonard? Where's the valiant Stripling?—Does he not draw a good bow, Will? What think'st thou, Clym, isn't he a child of valour?

Clym. By my faith, he's no Flincher.

Will. It must be a hard crown that the Youngster can't crack.

Clym. How furiously the rascal laid about him in the battle.

"*Adam.* I tell thee what, Clym,—mercy forsake me "if I would not rather encounter the sheriff and all "his men, than be obliged, hand to hand, to fight "this Leonard."

Will. By the Lord, he has an arm like the claws of a Lion.

Adam. Ay, boy, and he has a Lion's heart too. Did you see in the fight how he brought down that termagant Dane, that man of might, that Alric—he that seemed determined to kill every body himself? How he died, grinding the dust, and cursing his heathen Gods, to be so baffled by a Boy.

Will. Yes, and, as if Leonard car'd little for such a victory, he left another to take the spoil.

Adam. Ay, prithee, Will, who was that Knight that was so nimble at running away with the slain Alric's arms? I had not seen him before in the battle.

Will. Seen him!—No no—he'll take care nobody shall see him in any danger;—catch him there if you can—'Twas Earl Egbert.

Adam. Oh! what the foolish Braggart, that we have played pranks with him and his purse so often?

Will. Ay; he.—I saw his beaver up—I could not mistake his unleavened face.

Clym. But hark ye me, boys, tell me, you that can, what was the cause of this fray? for tho' I have been fighting, I hardly know what about.

Adam. About?—About a pair of blue eyes, two rosy cheeks, some certain rows of ivory teeth, with various

various *items* and *& ceteras*, all summed up in the word Woman.

Clym. Explain, explain.

Adam. Why thus—Anlaff, the Dane, meets, upon a certain day, with Edwitha, the daughter of Earl Walter and is amazed at her beauty—Well, Sir, finding himself attacked by a terrible diseafe, called fighing, with dangerous fymptoms, he demands me this fame Lady fair in marriage, that he may be able to eat his beef as heretofore. Earl Walter, however, did not chufe his daughter fhould be the Dane's doctor in this cafe.

" *Clym.* Why fo?

" *Adam.* Why fo?—Zounds, Clym, haft no religi-" on?—Doft not know that thefe Red-heads, thefe " Carroty-poles, are Pagans?

" *Clym.* Damn it, I had forgot that.

" *Adam.* My freckle-faced gentleman takes this de-" nial in dudgeon; and turning on his heel, vows ven-" geance.—Now neither Earl Walter, nor his fon Ha-" rold, are of the cuckow breed; they won't be peck-" ed at—fo the iffue of this no marriage was the bat-" tle in queftion."

Will. And Anlaff, inftead of gaining a wife, has loft his brother Alric.

Clym. Ay, and fome few more—we left fome on their backs, that won't be in a hurry to get up.

Will. Well, well, they may call us Outlaws if they pleafe, but I fay we are brave fellows; and if not the moft honourable, we are at leaft as merry as our neighbours.

SONG. Will Cloudesley.

SHIELD.

I.

" Beneath the worn rock, or upon the fhorn grafs,
" Where pipes the blythe Lad, or where trips the
" fweet Lafs;
" By hawthorns that bloom or that bear the red berry,
" In hail, rain, or funfhine, we are happy and merry.

II.

" When clouds ride the mountains, and winds rend
" the vales,
" When murrains and mildews the Shepherd bewails;
" If scanty our ſtore let us ſhare it with pleaſure,
" The heart of the Brave is the cheſt of his treaſure.

Adam. But let me tell you, my Hearts, Harold may thank us for the victory: That Anlaff, and his Red-heads, and eſpecially that Alric, with his two-handed ſword, beſtirred themſelves ſo ſtoutly, that by the Lord, Lads, Harold's men were little better than Run-aways, when we came to the field.

Will. Well then—our aſſiſtance gained the battle—what now ſhall be our reward?

Clym. Hanging on the next tree, if Earl Walter could catch us.

Adam. Why truly, my boys, there are dangerous complaints gone abroad againſt us; your fat Monks, and your lean Uſurers, have taken exception at us For-eſters, and called us Free-booters—for which reaſon the King's pardon would be a good thing.

Clym. But how are we to get it?

Adam. Why, I have a project.

Will. Ay—What is it?

Adam. I will go to the caſtle, diſguiſed like a Friar—There I ſhall learn what they ſay about the battle; and whether they will be ready to thank us for the ſervice we did them.

" *Clym.* Thank us! why zounds they did not know " it was us. Did not we all go diſguiſed?

" *Adam.* But we have tongues, and they underſtand " Engliſh—Earl Walter is a great man at court."

Clym. But hark ye me, Adam; ſuppoſe you ſhould be diſcovered, and there ſhould be any foul play?

Adam. There is no danger; I have a friend there in a corner—beſides I know how to act my part; I will ſing them jovial ſongs, tell them merry tales, and forgive them all their ſins, and I warrant I ſhall be a favourite in the family.

Clym.

Clym. Nay, I don't fear thee, for thou art thoroughly inſtructed in the art and myſtery of eating, drinking, and wenching, and that is the trade of a Friar.

Adam. However, I intend to go armed, " and ſling " my bugle horn acroſs my ſhoulder: do you watch " round the ſkirts of the foreſt, and in caſe of any ac- " cident, I will wind the ſignal of good or ill ſucceſs." —But let Leonard know the ſcheme as ſoon as you ſee him—he has a true heart, and will never forſake a good cauſe.

Clym. Why to be ſure he'll fight—but he has one bad fault.

Adam. Ay!—What is that?

Clym. Too ſcrupulous— " too conſcientious"—he would not let me rob the old miſerly Abbot of Whitby the other day—we almoſt quarrelled about it.

Adam. Oh! he has not been long among us, you know:—he'll mend.

Will. Well, ſucceſs to your ſcheme.

Omnes. Ay—ay—ſucceſs to Friar Adam.

SONG. Adam Bell.

SHIELD.

I.

We are Archers ſo ſtout and ſo good,
With hearts unacquainted with fear;
We live in the merry green wood,
And feed on the King's fallow deer.
We feed on the King's fallow deer
In ſpite of the Sheriff and law;
We ne'er from the Poor draw a tear,
But keep Monks and fat Abbots in awe.

CHORUS.

And ſo merry, ſo merry live we,
With hearts light as air,
We are ſtrangers to care,
All under the green wood tree.

II.

For Archery England is fam'd,
Expert are her ſons at the bow;
Their broad arrows often have tam'd
The rude inſults and vaunts of the Foe.
But England itſelf can't excel,
For valour and good archery,
Bold Clym o' the Clough, Adam Bell,
And William of Cloudeſlee.

CHORUS.

And ſo merry, ſo merry live we,
With hearts light as air,
We are ſtrangers to care,
All under the green wood tree.

SCENE II. *Changes to a beautiful valley, with the proſpect of a ſuperb caſtle, in the Gothic ſtile.*

Edwitha *and* Adela.

Edw. Truly, Adela, I would be chearful, but memory will not let me.—" I know as well as thou doſt, " that ſorrow will not cure a wound; but knowing " myſelf the cauſe of this unhappy broil, the chearful " ſpirits which health and active youth beſtow, are all " diſperſed by Fear and froward Apprehenſion." I am like a reſpited Criminal, that every moment dreads a confirmation of his ſentence.

Ade. Pſhaw, Edwitha, I declare you don't deſerve your happineſs. There are hundreds of Ladies in little England, that would give their brighteſt eye thus to have the gauntlet thrown, and ſee themſelves the happy ſubject of contention, " when young and valiant " Knights mount neighing Steeds, and ride in bright " and burniſhed armour to the field!—To hear the " winding of the Bugle-horn, the clattering of the " Horſes' hoofs, and the prophetic bus of victory " among the Warriors!" Oh! were I the beauteous Dame that could inſpire ſuch glorious ſtrife, I ſhould " think of nothing but roſes and lilies, Venus and the " Graces—

" Graces—talk of nothing but Helen and Hector, " Greeks and Trojans"—read nothing but ballads of beauteous Ladies and valorous Knights, and ſing 'em in my ſleep—ſhould—Lord, I ſhould be ſo tranſported I don't know what I ſhould do.

Edw. This, good couſin, is ſaid to divert me—but I know your heart, Adela—you do not envy, you pity me—Oh! Harold! Oh my brother! would I were aſſured of thy ſafety!

[Edwitha *begins to ſing.*]

[*Reſponſes are heard from the wood.*]

Ye rocks and caves, with deep reſounding voice,
Ref. *With deep reſounding voice.*

[Edwitha *and* Adela *are ſurpriſed.*]

Edw. Did you hear, Adela?

Ade. Yes, yes; I heard.

Edw. Once more.

SONG. EDWITHA.

SHIELD.

Ye rocks and caves with deep reſounding voice,
Ref. *With deep reſounding voice.*
Bid Echo, who, your haunts among,
Can mimic well the Shepherd's ſong,
Or Herdſman's hoarſer throat;
Ref. *Or Herdſman's hoarſer throat.*
Or with the feſtive Villager rejoice,
Can chirp to all the winged throng;
Can oft repeat the jolly Plough-boy's ſong;
Bid gentle Echo eaſe my grief,
Ref. *Eaſe your grief.*
And tell me is my Harold ſafe.
Ref. *Harold's ſafe.*

Edw. This is enchantment, Adela! 'Tis ſure ſome kind Spirit ſent to comfort me.

Ade. I can't tell how kind he may be, but I have diſcovered the Spirit. Come, come from your hiding place, Mr. ——, and let us know what and who you are. [Adela *goes toward a tuft of trees, from whence*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Leonard *with his flute.*

Edw. Was it you, young Swain, that with ſuch reſpondent ſweetneſs echoed me?

Leo. [*Bows.*]

Ade. Ha! That's as much as to ſay, yes. [*Mimics his modeſt bow.*]

Edw. Such delightful melody in a poor Peaſant is ſurely wonderful.

Leo. [*Bows again, and ſtrokes his head.*]

Ade. Oh! ho!—That's as much as to ſay—No. [*Mimicking*] Come, come, young man, don't be over modeſt—If heaven has given you good gifts, hold up your head and own it.

Edw. But tell me truly—Do you know any thing of my brother's fate?—Is he—is he ſafe?

Leo. He is. [*Bows.*]

Edw. Then I am happy.

Ade. There!—there now!—Didn't I tell you ſo?

Edw. And is he victorious? Is Anlaff vanquiſhed?

Leo. He is.

[Edwitha *turns away, as if to ſuppreſs the joy that overpowers her.*]

Ade. There! there!—Didn't I tell you that too? Didn't I bid you dance, and ſing, and——Here, young man—here is ſomething for your good news.

[*Offers him money.*]

Leo. [*Bows and refuſes it.*] Thank you, Lady, I am over-paid already.

Ade. God-a-mercy! Aye, indeed! How ſo?

Leo. By being a welcome meſſenger to ſuch fair and gentle Ladies.

Ade. Hey-day!—A Peaſant too!—Do you mind this, Edwitha? This ſilly fellow refuſes money, and talks—I don't know how.

Edw. Tell me, young Swain, where you learnt theſe happy tidings? Is it from report you ſpeak, or were you at the battle?

Leo. I was at the battle.

Ade.

Ade. Were you? Oh! for heaven's ſake give us a deſcription of it.

Leo. How ſhall a ſimple Peaſant, Lady, ſpeak of ſuch high deeds? Beſides, I ſaw but little of the combat.

Edw. Perhaps you joined the Combatants and fought.

Leo [*Bows.*]

Ade. Upon my word, Mr. Young man, you are a very extraordinary kind of a perſon—What is your name?

Leo. Leonard.

Ade. And—how many Danes might you kill yourſelf?

Leo. To ſpeak of my own exploits were to undo with my tongue what I had atchieved with my arm. I and my companions came not to the field till it was late; the battle was hot, and then I fought among the reſt.

Edw. Companions! And did you go to fight for Harold and Edwitha?

Leo. For Harold and Edwitha. [*Bows.*]

Edw. "What ſhall I ſay?" How ſhall I thank you? But come, come young Swain, to the caſtle; and my father, Earl Walter, ſhall beſtow rewards, equal I hope to your deſerts.

Leo. The rewards I fought are already beſtowed—Harold is victorious, and Edwitha condeſcends to approve. [*Sighs.*]

Ade. A ſigh, too! Obſerve his eyes, Edwitha.—"If you give him any further encouragement he'll "make love to you."—Well, really he is a very likely fellow. What a pity it is he is a Peaſant, Edwitha!

Edw. It is, indeed, Adela. [*Sighs.*]

Ade. It is, indeed, Adela. [*Mimicks her.*] So ſo; ſigh for ſigh.—"Why, Don Cupid ſeems diſpoſed to "make a pretty piece of work here." [*Aſide.*] Come, Edwitha, it is time to be gone, I ſee.—Will you walk?—Fare you well, young man, fare you well.—Edwitha is very much obliged to you—She ſeems inclined

clined to like the colour of your hair too—but that the Fates and Deſtinies forbid. [*ſignificantly.*] "And "ſo you —you muſt return home again, and com- "fort pretty Nancy or pretty Peggy, or—ſome other "neat little linſey-woolſey laſs—and you'll ſing, and "play, and tell 'em a pretty tale—I warrant they'll "liſten.——And, do you hear, don't—don't you be "ſilly, and dream either of Paradiſe or Purgatory; "but eat your curds and cream, and honour your fa- "ther and mother after your old faſhion.—You un- "derſtand me—Content is better than a down-bed, "and the ſtars will be obeyed."—There is many a precious ſtone trod under foot.—Every Hero can't be Alexander—but theſe things can't be helped.—So, farewell to you.—Come, come, Edwitha.

Edw. Take this ring, young Swain, wear it in re- membrance of Edwitha.—Come, Adela.—Heaven protect you, Sir, and make you victorious in battle, and fortunate in love.

Leo. Thanks, gentle Lady, ſweet Lady; from my heart, dear Lady, I thank you—And while one drop of blood ſhall cheriſh this poor boſom, will wear, with ...an thankfulneſs, your favour—and ſo farewell.

[*Exit* Leonard.]

SCENE IV.

Adela *and* Edwitha.

Ade. Well, really there is ſomething very uncom- mon about this young man—A ruſtic dignity—a con- ſcious kind of humble ſuperiority—a firm ſtep—a ſteady eye—a bold front—Yes, the Warrior's charac- ter is abſolutely ſtamp upon his forehead.

Edw. And that is ſurely magnanimity.

Ade. So have I been told, girl.

RONDEAU. ADELA.

SHIELD.

The Hero, conſcious of his worth,
Amid tumultuous war ſedate,
Arms Rage and Danger, ſends them forth,
And ſeems to give decrees to Fate.

When

When Trumpets in the deafen'd ear,
With brazen throat and warlike breath,
Would drown the trembling voice of Fear,
And bid the Coward look on death;

The Hero, conscious of his worth,
Amid tumultuous war sedate,
Arms Rage and Danger, sends them forth,
And seems to give decrees to Fate.

Edw. Oh, Leonard! Wherefore should such a mind be called ignoble?—Ungenerous and unjust!

Ade. But how now, Edwitha! Why surely, girl, you have more wit, more pride, than positively to love this Peasant! I can see the fellow has a handsome leg as well as you—can read the modest pre-eminence of his eye as quick—" can construe all his latent virtues " as truly"—What of that?—I cannot purchase every trinket I see; and there are many that, if I had them, I could not wear, because—they are *unfashionable*.

Edw. More is the pity that modesty, courage, and virtue should be out of fashion.

Ade. Very true; " but this has been a pitiable " subject ever since Adam wore a beard.—Consider, " Edwitha, the respect due to yourself, your father, " and your—

" *Edw.* Nay, Adela, prithee do not mistake me so " widely—Though I can see, and cannot but admire " in a poor Peasant, those exalted virtues which fit " made men noble, yet I know my duty; I must " worship nobility in its titles, and its outward ho- " nours; for so the free-judging world, and the " haughty pride of lineal dignity, demand—and I " obey.—Though my heart may lament its destiny, it " never shall reproach me.

Ade. " Why, that's my brave girl!"—And yet, methinks, there is something exceedingly romantic in this sudden way of falling in love at first sight.

Edw. Nay, Adela, if it even were love, it is not at first sight.

Ade. No, indeed!—Alas! What, you are old acquaintance then!

Edw.

Edw. We never ſpoke till now; but lately he hath often croſſed my way, run before me to "open gates," chace the browzing ox, and remove the ſtraggling bramble from my path, ſeeking to be noticed, yet avoiding to be thanked. Once, too, he hung a garland on a ſtile over which I was to paſs.

Ade. Audacity!——"An enterprizing Gentleman, truly!"—But you did not touch his garland?

Edw. No—I turned ſuddenly back to the caſtle.

Ade. You did right—Come, come, think of theſe things but as a dream; remember the victory of your brother, and ſmile at trifles.

"DUET. EDWITHA *and* ADELA.

"RAUZZINI.

"Virtue bids us conquer paſſion,
"Hard the victory we obtain;
"Hard to vanquiſh inclination,
"But the pleaſure pays the pain.
"If a moment Virtue waver,
"She, reſtor'd to former peace,
"Proud that Vice could not enſlave her,
"Feels her energy increaſe."

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *changes to the inſide of the Caſtle.*

Enter Adam Bell *in a Friar's habit, followed by the* Fool, Servants, *&c.*

SONG. ADAM BELL. (*The Seaſons.*)

SHIELD.

WINTER.

I.

Ere the beard of thiſtle fails;
Ere the tadpoles wag their tales,
When the maids with milking-pails
Doff their mits and blow their nails;
When the cottage chimney ſmokes,
And waggiſh lotchers crack their jokes

By

By the glowing ember's light,
And fright the girls, with tale of Sprite,
Then will we, o'er ale and cakes,
Brag of feats at Autumn wakes.

SPRING.

II.

When the ſwallows twittering ſing
Of the lovely birth of Spring;
When Bridegrooms make our three bells ring,
Ding dong ding—ding dong ding;
When the Valley's face is ſeen
Veil'd in many a ſhade of green;
When girls of huſbands nightly dream,
And jolly ſwains get clouted cream;
Then we, upon ſweet primroſe beds,
Will rant our glees and reſt our heads.

SUMMER.

III.

"When the young frog fears the rook;
"When the kine ſtand in the brook;
"When ſleepy louts loſe many a crook,
"And codlings drop when trees are ſhook;
"When ſalt muſhrooms nightly ſpring,
"And martins dip the dappled wing;
"When the ſun with ſtrait-down beam
"Lathers well the luſty team;
"Then beneath new hay-ricks we
"Will ſing with might and merry glee."

AUTUMN.

IV.

When the ſickle and the ſcythe
Make the ruddy Farmer blythe;
When Hodge the bulky ſheaf doth writhe,
And the fat Vicar claims his tythe;
When Autumn yields her golden ſtore,
Till well-fill'd barns can hold no more;

When ripe fruits preſs the plenteous board,
And old wives cull their wintry hoard;
Then will we, when labour's o'er,
At harveſt-home our catches roar.

Adam. Though a Friar, wenches, this is my maxim—ſummer or winter, ſpring or fall, I am always merry.

Fool. Why then, maſter Friar, you and I compleat the proverb, *Be merry and wiſe:* for you are merry, and I am wiſe.—And let me tell you, I am not the only wiſe Fool in the world.

Adam. May be ſo—But pray you, now expel ſome of your wiſdom upon me, and tell me how Earl Walter bears this dangerous abſence of his ſon.

Fool. Oh, Sir, with that gravity of deportment as ſhould ſeem to ſay—*I defy Fate—if Misfortune come, I am no flincher*—And then, Sir, he ſtrokes his beard, and endeavours to put a good face on the matter.—But I know him—he has it here—ſick of the father—Sir, between ourſelves—he has been—as melancholy!—as a Fiddle with one ſtring—as reſtleſs as a Cat in a cage—and as ſolemn as a blind Baboon on Good Friday.

Adam. But is he naturally thus grave and ſerious?

Fool. Oh, no, the old gentleman is a—very good ſort of an old gentleman—when he is pleaſed—a ſociable converſable comprehenſible kind of an old lord enough—likes to have his own way—as moſt of your great lords do, I obſerve.

Adam. Ay, and little lords too.

Fool. Why, yes, yes—I myſelf, ſimple as I ſtand here, ſhould like exceedingly to caſt this Fool's ſkin, and deck myſelf in the garment of Authority. To ſee underlings tremble, if I ſhould ſtamp, and look pale, if I had the tooth-ach—As to Earl Walter, Sir, if young Harold ſhould return ſafe and ſound, in health and honour, you ſhall ſee him a—a very different man—Lively and alert as an Owl at midnight—Happy as a Lawyer in Term time, or a Phyſician in November.

Adam. But what if he were vanquiſhed? How then?

Fool. Then—Why then, Sir, the old gentleman would ſit you down as mute and as motionleſs as a bell without

without a clapper—as ſilent—as a bagpipe without wind, and as ſedately diſmal as a death's head upon a tomb-ſtone.

Adam. You abound in compariſons, Maſter Motley.

Fool. Yes—they are part of my ſtock in trade, and I love to keep a good aſſortment.—Can you tell why the world is like a Fair?

Adam. No—

Fool. No!—Your finger to your lip then—liſten and learn.—The world is like a Fair, becauſe—baſta—I'll turn my ſimile into a ſong.

SONG. Fool.

SHIELD.

I.

This world is a Fair, where the croud is bent wholly
On gew-gaws and rattles, noiſe, nonſenſe and folly;
Where higledy piggle, pell-mell and confuſion,
We've born, take a peep, die, and loſe the illuſion.
And there we ſee whirligigs, roundabouts,
Ups and Downs, Ins and Outs,
Pal lals, drums, trumpets, globes, ſceptres, and crowns;
Hot ſpiced gingerbread, and merry-go-rounds;
With wonders! wonders! and wonders! enough to make a blind man ſtare!
Oh! don't you think it a wonderful Fair?

II.

Here are all ſorts of toys for all ranks and gradations;
Gilt riband for ladies! for lords—inſtallations;
Wigs firſt worn at Weſtminſter, after on May-days,
On Judge's and Chimney-ſweep's high days and play-days.
And there you ſhall ſee maſk'd faces, falſe notes, caſtanets and falſetoes;
Jack-puddings with gridirons, dukes, devils, and doxies;
With a ſtrange medley of Lythe-pigs and biſhops, lawyers, bailiff, and priſons;
Fanatic Crew-thumpers, who have many more words than reaſons,
Wiſe dogs, learned horſes, illiterate aſſes, and many other ſtrange beaſts there.
Oh! don't you think it a wonderful Fair?

III.

In this Fair you will find, Sir, the worſt wares are vending;
Here knaveʳy is bearing what Folly is ſpending;

Here titles and honours are trades moſt prolific,
And gold is the one univerſal ſpecific.
And here you hear many fine promiſes in many fine ſpeeches;
But if you love liberty and property beware of ſuch leeches;
With their legerdemain tricks, Hey! Preſto! fly quick, and be gone,
They are here, there, and every where, on all ſides, and on none:
Then they ſqueeze their hats, beat their breaſts, rave, rant, cant, ſtamp, and ſtare.
Oh! don't you think it a wonderful Fair?

IV.

" Here puppet-ſhow Patriots their booths have erected,
" To tell how the rights of mankind they've protected;
" When in hopes to be brib'd, Sir, each man with his fellow,
" Of brib'ry and flav'ry will bluſter and bellow.
" Then it is that you ſee theſe Whirligigs, Roundabouts, Ups " and Downs, Ins and Outs,
" Scrambling for fal-lals, drums, trumpets, globes, ſceptres, " and crowns,
" Swords, maces, and woolſacks, and ſcarlet furr'd gowns.
" Such wonders, wonders, and wonders, are enough to make " a blind man ſtare!
" Oh! don't you think it a wonderful Fair?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to an area within the caſtle walls. A march is played. Enter firſt the warriors, all in martial order, and in armour; then Earl Egbert, *followed by a* Dwarf *bearing a huge ſword and ſhield; next* Harold, *who is met and embraced by* Earl Walter *and* Edwitha; *then* Adam Bell *and the* Fool, *and laſtly,* Adela, *with a laurel crown, followed by Virgins.—She crowns* Harold, *as do the Virgins* Egbert, *and the reſt of the Knights.—Then the following Chorus, &c.*

ODE.

SHIELD.

EDWITHA, ADELA, ADAM BELL, &c. &c.

Behold the conqu'ring Hero's meed,
Behold his rich reward;
Who, nobly valiant, dares to bleed,
His native rights to guard.

" For

" For him the loveliest Virgin's hand shall pluck
" The freshest laurel to adorn his brow;
" For him the sweetest, loudest chords are struck,
" Heroic verse and harmony bestow.

" With rapid finger, firm and deep,
" The harp, sonorous, boldly sweep;
" Now touch the am'rous love-sick lute,
" And gently swell the breathing flute;
" With melting airs and soothing strains
" Relieve the weary Soldier's pains.
" Hither smiling Virgins bring
" The fragrant rose, the lily sweet,
" Gather'd from the lap of Spring,
" To strew beneath the Warrior's feet.

" Nor yet forget to drop a pitying tear,
" To grace the ever-honour'd bier
" Of those brave Warriors who remain
" Lifeless, entomb'd upon the bloody plain."

E. *Wal.* Oh welcome, welcome my Harold, welcome noble Earl Egbert! How shall I speak my joy? To see you thus return in safety and in honour, is the supreme of happiness.

Har. And to be thus received at our return, is the best, the most glorious reward —" None but a soldier " can imagine the strong throbbings of the soldier's " heart, when those his arm has fought for, fly to his " embraces, and pour the grateful balm of a thousand " welcomes in his wounds."

Edw. Oh my brother! my joys overcome me—they are excessive as my feats have been.—From this moment may the sword sleep in honour; or if fate will again call thee to the horrors of inexorable war, may'st thou find another, and a worthier subject!

Har. A worthier, my Edwitha? the world contains not a worthier!

E. *Eg.* No—The world contains not a worthier; and that *I* will prove against Dane or Devil.

Ade. Will *you*, my lord?

E. *Eg.* I—" I—He that denies it, lies and dies—" he must digest steel.

" *Ade.* Bleſs me!"

E. *Eg.* I'd fight with Charlemagne and all his hoſt! ay, and conquer too, in ſuch a cauſe.

Ade. How childiſh, then, have been our fears, Edwitha.—This muſt have been an eaſy victory to ſuch a champion.

E. *Eg.* Eaſy lady!—Pardon me!—We have been in horrible danger, that's the truth.

" *Har.* There is no danger to the brave, for he " thinks of none.

" E. *Wal.* True Harold, when danger is preſent, " the brave think only of oppoſing danger; but when " it is over, 'tis their delight to recollect each perilous " circumſtance.

E. *Eg.* " To be ſure—to be ſure"—I ſhall never look on that ſword and ſhield again, but I ſhall remember the grim viſage of that terrible Alric.

[*Points to the ſword and ſhield borne by the* Dwarf.]

E. *Wal.* What is Alric ſlain?

E. *Eg.* The vile Pagan is dead.

E. *Wal.* And fell by your hand, Earl Egbert?

E. *Eg.* By mine—This right arm did the deed.

Adam. Here's a cowardly lying ſlave. [*Aſide.*]

E. *Eg.* This good ſword—was the lancet that let him blood—this gave vent to his foul humours—this cut his packthread.

" *Ade.* Put it up my Lord—it has carved you more " honour than you will digeſt in a twelvemonth.

" *Edw.* It is too valiant for women to look at with- " out danger of hyſterics.

" E. *Eg.* Sweet Dove of peace, at your intreaty my " ſword ſhall hide its honourable face.

" *Ade.* Let it; leſt it ſhould bluſh to hear its own " praiſe. [*Half aſide.*]

" E. *Egb.* For your ſake, bright Pearl of Britain, " was it drawn.

" *Edw.* I am ſorry for the occaſion, my Lord."

Fool. Ha!—See how a man may be miſtaken—I ſhould ſooner have expected to have heard of the " being run thro' with a knitting needle, or " down with the butt-end of a thread-paper.

E. *Egb.*

E. *Egb.* Sirrah—you know your privilege.

Fool. Yes, we Fools have a licence.

" E. *Egb.* Dwarf.

" *Dwa.* My Honourable Lord.

" E. *Egb.* Watch me that Fool's mouth—if he " dare utter any more malice beſtow the baſtinado—" liberally—afflict him with a cudgel—grievouſly.

" *Fool.* What, muſt the honeſt mouth of Plain-" dealing be gagg'd by a broomſtick?"

E. *Wal.* But how went the battle, Harold? was it a hard fought field?

Har. It was my Lord; and heaven only knows what would have been the fortune of the day had not ſome freſh and unknown friends arrived juſt as the hand of the ſoldier, weary with ſlaughter, began almoſt to tire, and his heart to droop before the unremitting fury of the numerous Dane.

Adam. Thanks for that brave Harold. [*Aſide.*]

E. *Wal.* Unknown friends, ſay you?

Har. Yes my Lord—they appeared to be Peaſants, but they fought like Heroes.

Edw. Do you hear this, Adela? [*Aſide to Adela.*]

Ade. Yes do I perceive, Edwitha.

E. *Egb.* Yes—yes—the—the Boors played their part. But what of that? it all availed nothing till that Attic was demoliſhed.

" E. *Wal.* Was he ſo deſperate?

" *Har.* He was indeed irreſiſtible—His brother " Anlaff, alone, of all the Danes, was deem'd his " equal.

" E. *Egb.* You may gueſs at a workman by his " tools! Dwarf.

" *Dwa.* My Honourable Lord.

" E. *Egb.* Advance me that ſhield above your head, " and hold me out the ſword at arm's length.

" *Dwa.* I can't, my Honourable Lord.

" E. *Egb.* Can't—no—nor ſuch another Dwarf " help thee"—But I laid him low—I gave him a ſleeping powder.

Adam. Alas—I am ſorry to find this bad world ſo given to falſhood.

E. *Egb.*

E. *Egb.* Falſe! What's falſe? thou general collector of crimes and Peter-pence—Thou ear of Iniquity —" Thou common ſewer of ſin," what's falſe? Did I not kill Alric? Did I not vanquiſh the Dane?

Adam. Who dare doubt it, my Lord! It were a meanneſs beyond contempt for one of your dignity to ſpeak an untruth; and it would ſtill be more vile, more deſpicable to aſſume a valour which you durſt not maintain.

E. *Wal.* What doſt thou mean, Friar?

Adam. Your pardon, my Lord, " without offence to Earl Egbert," I intended to tell your Lordſhip that a Peaſant, whom I ſhrived this very morning, did enumerate, among other ſins that hung upon his ſoul, the death of Alric the Dane, whom *he* ſaid he had ſlain in battle.

Edw. A Peaſant?

Ade. What was this Peaſant's name?

Adam. Leonard.

Edw. My Lord, it was this Peaſant of whom I ſpoke to you before, who firſt informed Adela and me of my brother's victory!—He was one of thoſe to whom, it ſeems, the victory was greatly owing.

E. *Wal.* A Peaſant! 'Tis ſome miſtake. Earl Egbert, receive my beſt, my warmeſt thanks.—I underſtand the ſervice you have done my houſe, and will remember it to my utmoſt power.

E. *Egb.* Nay, but it ſeems—the Friar has been Confeſſor to the man in the moon, and I did not kill Alric—Let it paſs—The fire of Etna will have vent—Melted pitch may boil over—Henceforth, I will travel into the land of the Cyclops, and exterminate Giants—Dwarf.

Dwa. My Honourable Lord.

E. *Egb.* Speak—Valour muſt be tongue-tied—relate,—and ſtrike Detraction dumb—utter, and ſeal up the mouth of Envy—Whoſe ſword and ſhield are thoſe?

Dwa. Your's my Honourable Lord.

E. *Egb.* Whoſe were they, Imp? whoſe were they, Wren?

Dwa.

Dwa. Alric, the Dane's.

E. *Egb.* And by what means do they appertain to me? which way do I inherit?

Dwa. You took them perforce from Alric.

Fool. You inherit illegally, if you take a man's property perforce—Your master has robb'd the Dane, Dwarf, and you are an accomplice. He is a great man, and may escape, but you are pigmy villain, and must be hanged, Dwarf.

E. *Egb.* 'Tis a pleasant conceit Fool—Ha!—ha!—It doth abate my bile—I feel my conflux of choler evaporate.

E. *Wal.* Come Harold—come Earl Egbert; within we will question you further on the fortune of the field—it is our duty to give the brave an opportunity of relating their Exploits.

FINALE.

SHIELD.

HAROLD.

From the clangor of arms to the banquet repair,
Where Plenty and Pleasure combine;
On the bosom of Peace court the smiles of the Fair,
'Twill give the true zest to your wine.

EDWITHA and ADELA.

While around the jocund Table,
Each brave Warrior takes his seat,
The Bard shall chaunt some ancient fable,
To th' attentive Soldier sweet.

EARL EGBERT.

Father Friar, you'll come and say grace,
With your fat and pontifical face?

ADAM.

Ay, ay, never fear,
Find a Friar good cheer,
And he'll find himself a good place.

FOOL.

FOOL.

The Dwarf and the Fool
Shall ſit both on one ſtool,
And their gibes ſhall afford you ſome ſport;

DWARF.

In the hall they ſhall ſing,
Till they make the roof ring,
While the morris-men dance in the court.

CHORUS.

Soon among the motley croud,
Feſtive Mirth and Laughter loud;
Convivial Frolic, blithe and jolly,
Whoſe antics give a grace to Folly;
Sportive trick and merry tale
Shall many a happy Gueſt regale.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Earl Walter *and* Edwitha.

Earl Walter.

THE active ſpirit of your brother, Edwitha, cannot loiter in indolence. Harold and his companions are going for ſome few days to hunt on Cheviot hills. War and the chace are his delight.

Edw. Earl Egbert, I hear, remains at home, my Lord.

E. Wal. He does; detained by reſpect—by love for thee.

Edw. Love, my Lord!

E. Wal. Ay, love, Edwitha.

Edw. I am ſorry for it.

E. Wal. How, girl! ſorry.

Edw. It is impoſſible I ever ſhould return his love.

E. Wal. Edwitha!—" Who am I!

" *Edw.*

" *Edw.* My ever honoured father.

" E. *Wal.* And is this the duty, this the reverence " a father claims!—Indeed!—ſo prompt at diſobe- " dience.

" *Edw.* Dear my Lord.

E. *Wal.* " Peace"—thou haſt almoſt angered me— " What! a father, who, with ſuch anxious love and " tenderneſs, for unremitting years, had cheriſhed thee " in his boſom, ſo ſlightly thought of, and ſo lightly " anſwered!

" *Edw.* Pardon me, deareſt father, perhaps I am " to blame."

E. *Wal.* The reaſons for this union are many and weighty; Earl Egbert is powerful in friends and vaſſals; my enemies are numerous and revengeful; my obligations too are great, and gratitude demands—

Edw. Do not, dear Sir, think I ſpeak with a diſobedient ſpirit, " but ſurely Earl Egbert has—

" E. *Wal.* Peculiarities perhaps; fay foibles; but " his courage, and his virtues, are not the leſs eſtima- " ble—Beware, Edwitha, of a refractory and perti- " nacious will; cheriſh no undutcous thoughts, or " unjuſt prejudices; and dread to provoke parental " wrath.

" *Edw.* Heaven forbid"—No, let me ſuffer any miſ- fortune, any torment, rather than a dear father's diſ- pleaſure—Only let me intreat you farther to examine the real character of Earl Egbert; to give me time, and not precipitate me in the moſt important action of my life.

E. *Wal.* Well, my child, ſo far thy wiſhes ſhall be granted, but remember the reaſons I have urged, har- bour no diſguſt againſt Earl Egbert; or if thou haſt, erale every unjuſt prejudice from thy thoughts, by henceforth conſidering him as thy intended huſband, which will teach thee to hold him in due eſteem.

[*Exit* E. *Wal.*

Edw. My huſband! Earl Egbert! Let me not think, leſt I ſhould find reaſon to be convinced diſobedience here were virtue—Oh Leonard!—Alas!—it cannot— muſt not be.

SONG.

SONG. EDWITHA.

SHIELD.

The northern Blaſt, that bleakly blows
Adown the mountain's ſnowy ſide,
The tendril bites and blights the roſe,
And withers all the valley's pride.

More fatal bites not, through the grove,
The Winter's ſharp and canker'd tooth,
Than doth the Blight of hopeleſs Love
The tender Bud of hapleſs Youth.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Dwarf *and the* Fool.

Fool. Verily, Dwarf, thou art but a pitiful Pigmy.

Dwa. How ſo, Fool?

Fool. Firſt, in that thou art a Dwarf, and cannot hang thy hat upon a peg without borrowing aſſiſtance from a wooden ſtool.

Dwa. That is a bleſſing, Fool; the exerciſe is good for my health, and will make me long-lived.

Fool. Next, becauſe thou art a holder of bridles; one that waits cap in hand while my Lord takes leave of my Lady—during which thou art obliged to ſtand bare-headed to a horſe!

Dwa. Theſe are proofs of my humility and good manners, Fool.

" *Fool.* A very crouching ſpaniel, that yelps at the " jingle of a bell, and the crack of a whip, would " not ſubmit to thy office.

" *Dwa.* Why, Fool!

" *Fool.* Why?—Oh ſhallow interrogation!—Would " a ſpaniel, thinkeſt thou, pull off a Lord's boot be- " cauſe he was bid? Or ride before him on a pal- " frey, to open gates, and turn pack-horſes out of " the road? Would a ſpaniel doff his bonnet, ſcrape " his foot, kiſs his fingers, and deliver a meſſage from " Sir to Madam?—The horſewhip would not make " him.—

" *Dwa.*

" *Dwa.* This is ſtill more to my praiſe, Fool, ſince " it proves me more obedient and docile even than a " ſpaniel."

Fool. Nay then thou wilt pick praiſe out of the ſeven deadly ſins; but come, diſcloſe—tell me wherefore you, and your *honourable* Lord, did not go with young Harold this morning to hunt on Cheviot Hills?

Dwa. Becauſe *one* of us ſtays at home to make love to Edwitha.

Fool. And, like young hounds, you only hunt in couples. Verily, Dwarf, you are but an empty Pair.

Dwa. Why look thee, Fool, I am ſomewhat of a Philoſopher, and am reſolved not to let thy railing make me think the worſe of my own good parts. A man who is not a yard high can ſee the ſun as diſtinctly as a Giant—A good Lacquey is better than a bad Lord—I am contented with my lot—Were all the world of my mind, there would be no Madmen, few Fools, and the Hangman would ſtarve for want of employment.

SONG. DWARF.

DUNY.

Ah! tell me why ſhould ſilly man
Thus miſapply his ſhort ſojourn,
Thus waſte the life that's but a ſpan,
The minutes that ſhall ne'er return!
If he with thankful lip would taſte
The pleaſures which around him play,
No gloomy cloud ſhould overcaſt,
But ſunſhine deck his happy day.

II.

'Tis not the biting wint'ry blaſt;
'Tis not the ſcorching ſummer ſky,
'Tis not the coaſt on which he's caſt,
Or where he's born, or where ſhall die;
No, independent quite of theſe,
The joys or anguiſh he muſt find,
No ſun can ſcorch, no froſt can freeze
The joys of a contented mind.

Fool. Ha! Very wife, and full of moſt ſublime ſentiment—Now I'll ſing you the ſecond part—It is as new and as true as your's, and as full of logic—Open your eyes and liſten.

SONG. Fool.

SHIELD

I.

When ſwallows lay their eggs in ſnow,
And geeſe in wheat-ears build their neſts;
When roaſted crabs a hunting go,
And cats can laugh at goſſip's jeſts;
When law and conſcience are a-kin,
And pigs are learnt by note to ſqueak;
Your worſhip then ſhall ſtroke your chin,
And teach an owl to whiſtle Greek.

Till when let your wiſdom be dumb;
For ſay, man of Gotham,
What is this world?
A Tetotum,
By the finger of Folly twirl'd;
With a hey-go-up, and about we come;
While the ſun a good poſt-horſe is found,
So merrily we'll run round.

II.

When froſt, and ſnow, and hail, and rain,
Are guided by the Almanack;
When Lapland wizards can explain
How many ſtars will fill a ſack;
When courtiers hate to be puffer'd,
And pearls are made of whitings' eyes;
Inſtructed by your worſhip's board,
The world ſhall marry lis, and wife.

Till

Till when let your wiſdom be dumb;
For ſay, man of Gotham,
What is this world?
A Tetotum,
By the finger of Folly twirl'd;
With a hey-go-up, and about we come;
While the ſun a good poſt-horſe is found,
So merrily we'll run round. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the ſkirts of the Foreſt, a dark umbrageous foliage, in the back ground.*

Adela *and* Edwitha.

Ade. Prithee, Edwitha, do not look and ſpeak with ſuch a diſmal gravity of countenance. "Mercy on me!" Thou wilt be fit company for nobody ſhortly "but Sextons and Pariſh-Clerks." Before I would mope in this manner, I would live on the eaſt ſide of a yew tree, ſleep in a cemetry, and wrap myſelf in a ſhroud.

Edw. What would'ſt thou have of me, girl? When contending paſſions diſturb the mind, and occupy the heart, the tongue in vain endeavours to trifle, and the lips to ſmile.

SONG. EDWITHA.

SHIELD.

I.

Love leads us to lab'rinths of woe;
Though roſes ſpontaneous invite,
Though Pleaſure ſeems prompt to beſtow
Each moment ſome new-ſprung delight,
Should the Virgin be tempted to taſte
The fruit that ſo blooming appears,
Her ſweets, by Imprudence debas'd,
All melt in Contrition and Tears.

II.

The boſom where Purity reigns
The breath of Detraction can't taint;
But ſhe who not wholly abſtains,
Shall utter in vain her complaint:

Like the Lily unable to riſe,
That's wounded and droops to its bed,
Untimely ſhe withers and dies,
And the Cypreſs ſprings over her head.

Ade. Pſhaw! Tell me not of drooping lilies and cypreſs ſhades—Laughter and light heels are certain antidotes to ſorrow.

Edw. Thou art a mad girl, Adela.

Ade. A merry girl, you mean—Mad I ſhall never be, unleſs I were to fancy myſelf a fiddle, and go mad becauſe I could get nobody to dancy to me.

Edw. What could'ſt thou be merry, if, like me, thou were going to be married to a Fool!

Ade. Ay by my conſcience could I—Married to a Fool! Marry amen, and with all my heart, and the ſooner the better—Your Fool is the only manageable beaſt among a herd of huſbands. " When you are " angry you may vent your ſpleen in metaphor, talk " treaſon in ſimile, and abuſe him by irony and alle- " gory, and he ſhall kiſs you for being ſo kind—The " greater my huſband's folly, the more apparent would " my wit be.—I could mould him, lik a piece of un- " baked dough, into any form."——A Fool, like a Watchman, walks always in the dark, and his wife is the lanthern by whoſe light he finds his way. Lord, girl, I could give thee my apron full of reaſons, and a handful over, why a woman ſhould marry a Fool.

Edw. I thought men of wit and underſtanding were always thy favourites.

Ade. As gallants, but not as huſbands. Give 'em a little love, and a little hope before marriage, and they will ſee good ſenſe in every ſentence, wit in every antic, and Cupids hanging in cluſters at every ringlet; but the honey moon over, and all the little Loves drop as dead as ſuffocated flies—vaniſh like Ghoſts when a candle enters. " After this, my Lord becomes ſo full " of wiſdom and obſervation, that one muſt ſet Diſ- " cretion with a pair of ſcales at the door of one's " mouth, to weigh Words, and detect Levities, or elſe " expect

" expect to have 'em entered in a memorandum-book,
" and read every Sunday after ſermon.

" *Edw.* By way of reproof and edification, hey girl!

" *Ade.* Yes.—And then Sir Gravity ſeats himſelf
" in his Elbow-chair, and with all the conſcious dig-
" nity of Wiſdom rubs his ſhins, hems thrice, and be-
" gins.—Hem!—my dear—hem—my dear—Pſhaw,
" zounds! leave playing with the cat's tail, and liſten
" to me.—My dear—how often muſt I remind you of
" the neceſſity of being circumſpect in your words and
" actions!—Laſt Sunday was a ſe'nnight, after veſ-
" pers, being in company with the parſon of the pa-
" riſh, you aſked if Ariſtotle could talk French; and
" ſoon after wanted to know what was Latin for a
" bag-pudding.—I have told you a thouſand times,
" my dear, that your tongue is ſo flippant, you prat-
" tle ſo faſt, and your diſcourſe is ſuch a mixture of
" ſenſe and nonſenſe, that it is like reading the Pro-
" verbs of Solomon, interlined with the merry exploits
" of Jack the Giant-killer.

" *Edw.* Ha, ha, ha.

" *Ade.* So proceeds he—reproving me for not paring
" my nails properly—reading me wiſe documents con-
" cerning the milk-fever, the danger of cutting eye-
" teeth, and ſipping hot ſoup; together with the inde-
" cency of clambering over ſtiles, ſleeping in church,
" and wearing ſhort petticoats."

Edw. And what would'ſt thou do, hadſt thou one of theſe circumſpect, learned, fault-finding huſbands?

Ade. Do?—Why I would make mince-meat of Ariſtotle, put Epictetus in a pie, and ſerve up Seneca in a ſack-poſſet, that he might be choaked with his own wiſdom.

RONDEAU. ADELA.

SHIELD.

Give me the man of ſimple ſoul,
Not prone to proud o'erweening,
Whoſe open eye can vacant roll,
And ne'er betray a meaning.

No solemn Sir, within whose looks
Live nought but wrinkles and rebukes.
Give me the man, &c.
No spoilt child of wit,
Every ready to spit
The spleen of his brain at who stands in his way,
Finding fault, when you're silent, with what you don't say.
May the Fates rather send me a fool,
Whom the genius of woman may rule;
Whom her rattle and tattle, caprices or kisses, can't teaze;
Whom the jig of a fiddle, or wit of a riddle, can please.
Give me the man, &c.

Edw. Here comes one will never die of too much wisdom.

SCENE IV.

Enter Earl Egbert *and* Fool.

E. *Eg.* Ladies, the blessings of sun-shine be upon you.

Ade. What are those, Sir, beside ripe fruit and thunder-showers?

E. *Eg.* What are those?—Why they are—umph—they are—what are they, Fool?

Fool. The Fool can't tell.

Ade. Do you walk for contemplation, Sir, or health?

E. *Eg.* Umph!—Marry, to say the truth, neither—Not but that I am somewhat addicted to contemplation.—But then I am apt to think about so many things, that at last I can't tell what I am thinking about.

Ade. That's strange.

E. *Eg.* At other times I am so full of meditation!—that I fall fast asleep!—To say the truth, ladies, I came, seeing you approach so near the skirts of the forest, to give you protection back to the castle.

Edw. We are obliged to your courage, Sir, but there is no danger.

E. *Eg.*

E. *Eg.* Pardon me, bright Conſtellation, I have heard to the contrary.

Ade. Yes truly, and ſo have I.

E. *Eg.* Have you?—Have *you* heard that theſe woods are dangerous?

Ade. Exceedingly.

" E. *Eg* How?—how?—where?—In what man-" ner."

Ade. This foreſt is at preſent the ſhelter of a daring band of outlaws.

E. *Eg* Come, ladies—come, let us return.

Edw. No, I ſhall walk a little farther; there is nothing to fear in the day-time.

E. *Eg.* No! Let us walk a little farther then.

Ade. Indeed, Edwitha, you are miſtaken.—If Earl Egbert were not with us, I would not proceed a hundred paces farther for a king's ranſom.

Edw. Nay, we are all ſafe enough, Adela, for heaven protects the Fool and the Innocent, and the Valiant protect themſelves.

[*A cry is heard without of* " *The wolf! the wolf!*" *they are all alarmed.*]

E. *Eg.* Mercy!—What cry is that?

[" *The wolf! the wolf!*"]

Edw. Heaven defend us!

[*Exeunt* Adela *and* Edwitha.]

Enter Peaſants, *crying* " *the wolf!*" *&c.*

E. *Eg.* Where?—which way?

Wom. 'I here, there—run, run. [*Exeunt* Peaſants.]

E. *Eg* O Lord!—which way ſhall I run?—what will become of me?—[*A ſhriek of women and children.*] Oh mercy!

Fool He's coming, he's coming—draw your ſword, my lord.—

E. *Eg* I'm a deadman!—[*Stands a moment confuſed, then runs behind the trees.*]

Fool. [*Another ſhriek.*] Oh my lady! my lady! oh my poor lady! ſhe'll be devoured!—[*Shout.*] Ha! well ſaid, well ſaid, my brave fellow! well ſaid, my ſturdy raſcal——have a care—now—now—there—there—

again

again—there was a home-ſtroke—well ſaid, my boy—aha, Mr. Wolf—Huzzah! huzzah! he's dead! he's gone! it's all over with him! he's defunct! there he lies! huzzah!

E. *Eg.* [*Peeping.*] Fool!

Fool. My Lord.

E. *Eg.* He lies very ſtill.

Fool. Yes—he's out of breath.—But come, come—will your valiant lordſhip pleaſe to have a nearer peep at the ſavage monſter?

E. *Eg.* Are you ſure he's dead?—quite dead?

Fool. Nay, if ever he taſte mutton more, call me Sheep.

E. *Eg.* Why then—But Fool—you ſhall go firſt, and ſee if he breathes ſtill; for though he ſeem dead, he grins horribly.

Fool. I'll ſell you his teeth for ſix-pence a dozen.

[*Exit* Fool.]

E. *Eg.* A bargain, Fool.—But don't be raſh—don't be too venturesome—take care—go ſoftly—

[*Keeps following, and peeping with the utmoſt caution, ſtep by ſtep.*]

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Leonard, *with his ſword bloody, ſupporting* Edwitha,

Leo. How are you, gentle Lady?

Edw. Safe, Sir; thanks to " your generous, to" your noble valour.—Are you wounded, Sir?

Leo. Not at all, Lady,

Edw. Do you know where is my couſin Adela?—Is ſhe out of danger?

Leo. Entirely.—I ſaw her enter a cottage a little to the left.

Edw. You are born, Sir, to be my Defender.

Leo. Would I were.

Edw. " Heaven reward your magnanimity."—I was too much your debtor, Sir, before.—

Leo.

Leo. Say not ſo, dear Lady;—*you* are not, 'tis *I* am the debtor! To be permitted to converſe with you! To touch your beauteous hand! To hear you acknowledge you are obliged to me!—To me!—A poor and humble Peaſant! "How might I hope ſuch abundant "happineſs?" Oh that I had been born a Prince, that I might have been ſome way worthy of you!

Edw. You ſpeak, Sir, with paſſion.

Leo. Pardon me, gentle Lady—I had almoſt forgot myſelf.—[*Sighs.*]

Edw. I rate your virtues highly, Sir.

Leo. Tell me, Lady, what would he deſerve, who, ſunk like me, in indigence and obſcurity, ſhould dare, by loving you, to make himſelf your Equal?

Edw. "If, Sir, he had your virtues," he would deſerve more than I durſt grant.

Leo. Generous Lady! But when I ſuffer a word, a wiſh to eſcape, offenſive to that purity I adore in you, may you and heaven deteſt me!

Edw. I find, Sir, you are truly noble. "Tell me, "then, how does it become the daughter of an ancient houſe, proud of its alliances, and jealous of its "honours, to behave?

Leo. "Equal to its dignities and expectations, and "conſiſtent with her own worth: and" he who, under the maſk of love, tempts Innocence to betray her duty, and wound her honour, is unworthy the leaſt regard of Beauty or of Virtue.

SCENE VI.

Enter Adela.

Ade. Mercy on me, Edwitha, what a terrible affair this had like to have proved.—We jeſted about wolves with that Fool to ſome purpoſe.—So, young man—what, are you here again?

Edw. Yes, Adela, and to him we owe our preſent ſafety; he killed the horrid ſavage.

Ade. Ha!——Well, I declare if ever I write a romance, I'll call my hero Leonard—"But come, come, "let us get away from this frightful foreſt—I ſhall

"die

" dream of wolves for this twelvemonth.——Young
" man, will you see us safe out of these territories of
" teeth and claws?

Leo. [*Bows.*]

" *Ade.* Well, well, give me your arm then.—Ed-
" witha, I have left a wing for you.—Though stay,
" stay.—What is your name?

" *Leo.* Leonard.

" *Ade.* You must know, Leonard—I have a very
" great esteem for you—I think myself very much
" obliged to you; and though somewhat flippant, per-
" haps, as I know myself to be a very prudent sensible
" girl, I would fain give you a little advice, because
" I—see how it is with you.—But—no—I can't speak
" it—so I 'll turn it into a song.

" SONG. ADELA.

" HAYDN.

" He who loves his mistress truly,
" Ever anxious for her fame,
" Scorns to let a thought unruly
" Taint his ardent gen'rous flame:
" Sooner far would hopeless perish,
" Than indulge impure desires,
" Tho' thro' life he 'll constant cherish
" Gentle hopes and holy fires.
" If the Lover doth not so,
" Virgins mark him for your foe.

" Ever faithful, ever tender,
" Ever watchful for the day,
" When his valour may defend her,
" Not his cunning may betray.
" Selfish snares so much detesting,
" If unequal love denies,
" (Pity's tear alone requesting)
" He a willing martyr dies.
" If the Lover doth not so,
" Virgins mark him for your foe.

[*Exeunt* Edwitha *and* Adela.]

Leo.

Leo. Oh fortunate day! Unhop'd for happineſs! Angelic Edwitha! And have I!—have I reſcued thee from death!—But who can tell what farther danger may yet occur?—I 'll follow, and while my raviſhed eyes can trace the celeſtial Viſion, will ſtill be ready to defend her from harm. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Caſtle.*

Enter Adam Bell *and* Alice.

Alice. I wiſh, Maſter Friar, you would not keep teizing me, and following me up and down, in and out, backward and forward, into every room of the houſe, a this'n.—I tell you, I don't want to have any thing to ſay to you—I don't like you.

Adam. Nay, but hear ye me, Alice, I 'll confeſs you your ſins, Alice, and enjoin you the ſweeteſt penance, Alice.

Alice. You!—ſweet!—An old fuſty Friar.—There is nothing ſweet about you.

Adam. Oh, yes, Alice, I have a ſweet breath, as you ſhall taſte, Alice. [*Kiſſes her, ſhe ſtruggles.*]

Alice. If you touch me again I—I 'll raiſe the houſe about your ears—an ugly, old monſter.—I declare there is no living for theſe wicked old Friars.

Adam. What then—all Friars are—hey, Alice—

Alice. All Friars are—[*mimicks him*]—Yes—all Friars are—" hey, Alice." And ſo, if you offer to lay a finger on me again—" look you—here are my nails."

Adam. But hear you me, Mrs. Alice—you are not ſo furiouſly virtuous when you meet Adam Bell at the dark cave in the foreſt, Mrs. Alice.

Alice. Hey! [*frightened.*]

Adam. Do you remember, the laſt time you ſaw him, which is now three weeks ſince, and two days, how lovingly you claſped him round the neck, and called him your dear Adam, and your ſweet Adam; and how you perſuaded him to ſwear he would marry you at Eaſter—Hey, Alice!

Alice. Lord a' mercy!—why ſartinly you deal with Old Nick.

Adam.

Adam. I can conjure a little, Mrs. Alice.—"If I "pleaſed I could ſhow you Adam Bell ſtanding here "in this very ſpot in leſs than half a minute.

"*Alice.* Nay, don't, don't—for goodneſs ſake, don't "—For I have heard ſay, as how, when the Old "One carries any body through the air, a' that'a, he "always raiſes a whirlwind; and that they are ſome-"times miſerably daſhed in pieces againſt a chimney "or a church ſteeple."

Adam. What—then you—you really—love Adam Bell—Hey, Alice?

Alice. Aye, do I, from the very bottom of my heart—My mother has found it out, and—

Adam. I know what you are going to ſay—You are going to inform me how ſhe ſcolds you, and tells you Adam is an outlaw, and will come to be hang'd.

Alice. As I hope to be ſaved and ſo ſhe does.—Moreover, ſhe ſays as how he does not care for me; and that he's only leading me into a fool's Paradiſe, and when he has got me there, there he'll leave me.

Adam. And then, inſtead of Paradiſe, you'll awake in Purgatory—Hey, Mrs. Alice.

Alice. So ſhe ſays—However, I have a good heart on't.—She does not know my Adam.

SONG. ALICE.

SHIELD.

I.

Oh my bonny, bonny Adam Bell,
With thee I'd traverſe hill and dale;
All the day I would follow whatever befell,
To liſten at night to the tale
Of my bonny, bonny Adam Bell.

II.

O'er ſea or land, by night or day,
With a light heart and undaunted,
I'd trip o'er the hills and far away,
While merrily I chaunted,

Of

Of my bonny, bonny Adam Bell,
With whom I'd traverſe hill and dale;
All the day would I follow whatever befell,
To liſten at night to the tale
Of my bonny, bonny Adam Bell.

III.

Tho' my bed were of the graſs ſo green,
And a cold ſtone were my pillow,
I'd brave the blaſt that bites ſo keen,
Nor fear the foaming billow;
But with my bonny, bonny Adam Bell,
I'd jocund traverſe hill and dale;
All the day would I follow whatever befell,
To liſten at night to the tale
Of my bonny, bonny Adam Bell.

Adam. Well, but now—hark ye me, Mrs. Alice—you perceive I know your pranks, and ſo—you—you

Alice. "Keep your hands to yourſelf—what do you "know?"—I am ſure if you were the devil himſelf in the ſhape of a friar, "which, for aught I can tell, "you may be," you know no harm of me, except that I love Adam Bell.

Adam. And that is harm enough, Alice.—He is a wicked fellow, and, as your mother ſays, may come to be hanged; though I have the chriſtian charity to hope he will not.—But you muſt not be coy to me, Alice—conſider, I can tell tales, Alice.

Alice. Well then, you may tell.—To be ſure you may get me turn'd away from my place, mayhap, and I ſhould be very ſorry for that—But I would ſooner loſe fifty places, than be falſe-hearted to Adam Bell.

Adam. [*Very much pleaſed.*] Ha, ha—well—ha, well—ha, well—ha—I—I find you—you are a true-hearted laſs, Alice, and I partly commend you, Alice.—But hark ye me, Alice—If ever you play Adam a trick with any body elſe, Alice, I'll—I'll be revenged on you for this—I'll ſurely tell him the inſtant I know it.

Alice. You'll ſtay till you know before you tell, won't you?

Adam. Yes, yes, Alice, yes—

Alice. When then I defy both you and your grandfather, old Nick.

Adam. Well, Alice, since it is so, say your prayers [illegible] morning, and continue to love Adam Bell—"I have a great friendship for him."—He is a very worthy clever fellow.

Alice. Yes, so he is; a much cleverer than ever stood on the shanks of a friar. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.

Adam *alone.*

Well said, my bonny lass;—and when I forsake thee, or use thee unkindly, may I never taste the blessings which love and a true-hearted woman can bestow.

SONG. ADAM BELL.

SHIELD.

Woman! charming lovely woman,
Thy gentle smiles shall ever be
Ador'd by me,
Oh lovely woman!

For what would all the bounteous flores
Which Nature from her bosom pours,
Of rich and rare,
Of good, and sweet, and fair;——
What would they be,
Depriv'd of thee,
Oh lovely, kind, enchanting woman!

Ah! who could hear the Linnet sing,
Or see the bounteous tints of Spring;
Ah! who could hear, or see, or taste,
If thou beyond the reach of man wert plac'd?
Oh woman! charming, lovely woman!
Thy gentle smiles shall ever be
Ador'd by me,
Oh lovely woman!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Earl Egbert *with the wolf's head, his sword drawn, and the* Fool *following him.*

E. *Egb.* What a horrible monster it is, Fool!—What tusks!

Fool. And what do you intend to do with it, "now "you have been valiant enough to cut off the head of "a dead Wolf?"

E. *Egb.* Preserve it as a trophy to tell posterity,

Fool. How courageously you ran away.

E. *Egb.* Fool,—dost see this purse of gold?

Fool. Yes—but tactus—feeling is the best of the five senses.

E. *Egb.* I—did not run away from the wolf, Fool.

Fool. Oh, oh! [*aside.*]—Yes—yes, you did.

E. *Egb.* I tell you, Fool, I did not—nay more—I kill'd the wolf with my own right arm.—Did—I, not? [*Tosses the purse about.*]

Fool. No.

E. *Egb.* Yes I did—and you saw me—"you were "a spectator of the terrible combat."

Fool. No—no—no.

E. *Egb.* No! [*Plays with the purse.*]

Fool. No.

E. *Egb.* Well, well—then I did not—

[*Puts the purse in his pocket.*]

Fool. Hey!—egad—now I recollect—I—I believe you did, but the proof lies in the purse, and the purse lies in your pocket.

E. *Egb.*—There—take it—and shew your wisdom, Fool, by praising my valor.

Fool. Valor! " [*examining the contents of the purse*] "three, six, nine, twelve,—by the sting in the dra- "gon's tail St. George was a coward to you—eigh- "teen, twenty, one, two, three—a Welchman on St. "David's day was never half so full of wrath.

" E. *Egb.* Now answer me—How, when the wolf "approached—how did I look?

" *Fool.* Look!—terrible!—as nine taylors at one " cucumber!" I remember a ſong about a Knight almoſt as couragious as yourſelf: you ſhall hear.

SONG. FOOL.

SHIELD.

I.

Sir Eglamore was a valiant knight,
Fa, la, lankey down dilly.
He call'd for his ſword, and went forth to fight,
Fa, la, lankey down dilly.
He went forth to fight, as I've heard ſay,
And when he came there he ran away. Fa, la, &c.

II.

A hungry wolf did tow'rd him leap, Fa, la, &c.
But he'd rather have met with a ſcore of ſheep;
Fa, la, &c.
Then he ran ſo faſt that his ſword did drop.
And he ſcorn'd to turn back to pick it up. Fa, la, &c.

III.

Then there came whiſtling down the plain Fa, la, &c.
A ſurly, ſturdy, dauntleſs ſwain: Fa, la, &c.
Mean while the knight ran up a tree,
That if they ſhould fight, he the combat might ſee.
Fa, la, &c.

IV.

Oh then began a bloody fray, Fa, la, &c.
As the knight durſt not fight, he reſolv'd to pray;
Fa, la, &c.
But had you beheld Sir Eglamore,
When as he heard the ſavage roar! Fa, la, &c.

V.

This Peaſant did his ribs ſo roaſt, Fa, la, &c.
That Mr. Wolf gave up the ghoſt: Fa, la, &c.
So when the knight ſaw the Monſter dead,
His courage return'd, and he cut off his head.
Fa, la, &c.

E. *Eſt.* Hark ye, Fool—this is no jeſting matter—it is not convenient that Earl Walter ſhould know the truth

truth—" Beſides—I ſay, Fool, I am valorous—ſet that " down in your creed—believe and report it, and gold " ſhall jingle in your purſe.

" *Fool.* Oh, I am a very Pagan Prieſt for that—I " will believe any thing, and report any thing for " Gold.—But Edwitha, and that waſp, Adela, will " tell a different tale.

" E. *Egb.* Nay, now I find you are a dull Fool.— " Let it be granted, which, conſidering their fright, " is very unlikely, that they ſaw ſomebody elſe at- " tack the wolf—he fell—What of that?—He was " only ſtunned—he got up again—more enraged than " ever—upon which I—ſeeing him make towards Ed- " witha—drew my ſword, ſet myſelf in his path, and " with a ſingle ſtroke cut off his head.

" *Fool.* You had better do it at two—double your " ſtroke—it will ſound better.

" E. *Egb.* No matter;"—follow my directions, and your fortune is made, Fool.

Fool. Ha—ſo ſhall the proverb, That Fools have fortune, be verified.—Well—ſo be it.

SCENE X.

To them Earl Walter.

E. *Egb.* My Lord—I—have—here brought—a trifling gift for your Lordſhip.

E. *Wal.* For me, my Lord? [*coldly*]

E. *Egb.* Um——a—kind of—*preſent nothing*—tho' not long ſince—a *terrible reality.*—But thus do circumſtances change the properties of things; and thus was the ſword a circumſtance that changed their fangs to the mere images of Anger and Deſtruction.

E. *Wal.* Ay, my Lord—but whoſe ſword?

E. *Egb.* Mine——

E. *Wal.* Your's!

E. *Egb.* Mine—a—matter—of—ſmall moment—yet —ſomething.—" The labours of Hercules were not " all equally dangerous—Let theſe poor doings be " conſtrued in their plain ſenſe, and Courage ſhall " ſleep contented."

E. *Wal.* Let me understand you, Earl Egbert.—Was it you who fought with the Wolf?

E. *Egb.* I.

E. *Wal.* And killed him?

E. *Egb.* And killed him.—"The deed is recent and notorious."—Women, boys, and cowards did speculate.—The Fool likewise beheld; let *him* impart,—"To the act of Valour let him give the garb of Truth."

E. *Wal.* Is it possible?

E. *Egb.* Am I doubted?—"Why then, let Virtue "be extinct from this vile world, and only let Fear "and Falshood flourish."

"*Fool.* Amen.—So shall our cause thrive." [*Aside.*]

"E. *Wal.* Pardon me, Earl Egbert, but I had been "told——

"E. *Egb.* That new moons are made of old Almanacs, perhaps. And that royal Arthur's knights "were taylor's 'prentices——I claim day-light, and "fifty pair of eyes, for my testimonies—they saw, "and they shall announce.

E. *Wal.* Saw you! you yourself vanquish the wolf!

"E. *Egb.* Me—Me myself they saw, from the loop-"holes of hedges, and the tops of trees—The act "was visible.—The sun was not in eclipse, nor hid "behind a wooden trencher—What! is the blood not "moist, and smoking still upon my sword?"

E. *Wal.* Forgive me, noble Egbert.—The account I had heard from Adela was very different.—

E. *Egb.* Let the Fool speak; he saw the combat.

Fool. Yes, yes, the Fool saw it—the Fool was wise and ran away.

E. *Egb.* Ay—The Fool ran away.—For my own part—I—I retreated a few paces, 'tis true, but it was only to draw my sword.

Fool. And put himself in a posture of offence—and defence.—Had you beheld how he look'd—[*bursts into a laugh.*]—you would have died with laughing.

E. *Wal.* With laughing!

E. *Egb.* How!

Fool.

Fool. Ay—to ſee what a ſilly figure he cut—
[*Laughs exceſſively.*]

E. *Egb.* Silly figure! who? what? [*Angrily, but ſtriking his pocket as to give the Fool hints of future reward.*]

Fool. Why—[*laughs; then ſtops ſuddenly*] the wolf without his head to be ſure.

E. *Wal.* But pray was there not a Peaſant, who—

E. *Egb.* Oh, yes—yes—There was a ſturdy Hind who gave him the firſt blow.

Fool. And to ſay the truth, a deviliſh hard knock it was—I thought Mr. Wolf had been dead and gone—quite deceaſed, till Earl Egbert ſhewed me to the contrary.—But he was only ſtunned.—

E. *Wal.* This accounts for the miſtake.

Fool. He got up again—more enraged than ever—upon which, the valiant Earl ſeeing him make towards Edwitha, drew his ſword, ſet himſelf in his path, and with a ſingle ſtroke—humph—hold—I forget—was it one or two ſtrokes?

E. *Egb.* Two—two ſtrokes.

Fool. Oh—ah—and with two ſingle ſtrokes cut off his head.

E. *Wal.* Leave your fooling, ſirrah—Earl Egbert, I know not how to thank you.—Twice has my daughter owed her ſafety to your arm.—But ſhe ſhall acknowledge, ſhe ſhall reward your ſervices.

E. *Egb.* Why that is ſufficient, Earl Walter.—"Good deeds and valiant, I find, are liable to miſ-"conſtructions.—Envy is the ſhadow of Merit—Let "it paſs."—

SCENE XI.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, Anlaff, the Dane, with a ſtrong band, is approaching faſt to aſſault the caſtle, informed, as Rumour ſays, of the abſence of young Harold and your friends.

E. *Egb.* Anlaff! The devil he is. [*Aſide.*]

E. *Wal.* Anlaff! Oh my prophetic ſpirit!—How far are they hence?

Meſſ.

Meff. Some three hours march, as 'tis faid, my lord.

E. *Wal.* Fly, friend, take the fwifteft horfe, and uſe thy utmoſt diligence to Cheviot Hills, to inform my ſon—Relate our danger, bid him make what ſpeed he may, and we; in the mean time, will do all that deſperate men can do to repel the enemy. [*Exit Meſſenger.*] —Oh Earl Egbert, we now ſhall have occaſion for all our courage.

"E. *Egb.* I wiſh I was at ſea in a cockle ſhell, with "all my ſoul," [*Aſide.*]

SCENE XII.

Enter Edwitha *and* Adela.

Edw. My Father!

"E. *Wal.* Edwitha!—haſt thou heard?

"*Edw.* I have."

E. *Wal.* Oh my child, I tremble for thee.

"*Edw.* Fear not for me, my father; my heart tells "me you never ſhall behold Edwitha in any ſtate un- "worthy of yourſelf—you may ſee me die, but ne- "ver debaſed."

"E. *Wal.* I foreſaw the probability of this—I "warned thy brother, but he, raſh and unthinking, "contemned my fears.—But wherefore do I waſte "that time in complaint which might be ſo much "better employed?" Come, Earl Egbert, let us think about defence and dying properly. [*Exit Earl* Walter.]

SCENE XIII.

E. *Egb.* Dying properly—a very happy ſubject for contemplation truly. [*Aſide.*]

Ade. Take comfort, rely on the care of heaven, my Edwitha.

Edw. On that alone I depend for ſupport and preſervation.

FINALE.

SHIELD.

EDWITHA.

To man the future's unforeſeen;
'Tis then his duty to await
The various turns of wayward fate,
With mind unaw'd and thought ſerene. ADELA.

ADELA.

Tho' preſent tempeſts cloud the ſky,
Around the livid lightnings blaze,
Sweet innocence can yet ſupply
The ſoul reſign'd,
The conſtant mind,
Whoſe power ſupreme the raging ſtorm obeys.

[EDWITHA *and* ADELA *walk up the ſtage.*]

EGBERT.

I find my fears increaſe apace,
Oh, would I were in any other place.

FOOL.

Did you e'er ſee a Taylor, Sir, handle his ſheers?
How he'll ſnip,
And he'll clip,
And his fury to quell,
In buckram make terrible ſlaughter;
Oft ſending vaſt remnants to hell!
Like him the fierce Dane gives no quarter,
But with blood and with battle
Will make the walls rattle
About your ears;
Would I were hid in ſome old well.

Enter ADAM BELL.

Where is Earl Walter, who can tell?

EDWITHA.

He went good Friar hence, e'en now,
With heavy heart and clouded brow.

Enter ALICE *frightened.*

Ah me! where ſhall we women run!
Oh, Lady, we are all undone!

EGBERT.

Ay, ay, alack, we're all undone!

ADAM.

Hence with your daſtard doubts and fears,
Alice chear your heart, and dry your tears.

ADAM

ADAM *and* FOOL.

Hence, then, with daſtard doubts and fears

EDWITHA, ADELA, *and* ALICE.

We'll chear our hearts, and dry our tears.

CHORUS.

Who knows but heaven may on high,
Behold a ſpeedy ſuccour nigh.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Earl Walter, *and afterwards* Adam Bell.

[*Shouts are heard.*

Earl *Walter.*

THIS generous alacrity, this grateful courage, infuſes freſh vigour into my old arm, and almoſt makes me young again—almoſt teaches me to hope impoſſibilities.—Alas it is in vain! The revengeful Dane will ſoon arrive, and ſatiate himſelf with ſlaughter. [*Enter* Adam Bell.] What here ſtill, holy Friar? Why doſt thou not fly this place of death?

Adam. No, my Lord, I mean to ſtay with you.

E. *Wal.* To ſtay with me?

Adam. Ay, my Lord; to fight with you, to die with you, ſhould it be neceſſary, but I have better hopes.

E. *Wal.* Whence? How, good Friar?

Adam. My Lord, you heard the teſtimony your ſon gave to the valour of certain Peaſants, by whoſe aſſiſtance the late battle was turned againſt the Dane.

E. *Wal.* Ay, I heard it with ſurpriſe.

Adam. Thoſe Peaſants might again do you good ſervice, if——

E. *Wal.* If what? Who are they? what are they? where are they?

Adam. They are men who have greater cauſe to live in fear than expectation from the houſe of Earl Walter.

E. *Wal.*

E. *Wal.* Fear! you ſpeak in riddles—explain yourſelf.

Adam. They are the Outlaws whom you have ſo often threatened to purſue to death and ignominy, but who wiſh to obtain your favour, and by your means the pardon of offended Majeſty.

E. *Wal.* And do they intend to reform?

Adam. They are ſtedfaſt in that purpoſe.

E. *Wal.* But who ſhall tell them of my diſtreſs?

Adam. I will my Lord, and quickly.

E. *Wal.* Will you, Friar?

Adam. I will, my good Lord, tho' no Friar.

E. *Wal.* How?

Adam. But one of the chief of thoſe bold Outlaws —Adam Bell—

[*Throws off his diſguiſe, and appears armed.*

E. *Wal.* Adam Bell! And where—where are your aſſociates?

Adam. Waiting within the ſound of this [*Points to his bugle horn*] This ſhall preſently collect a ſet of brave fellows, who at leaſt will do ſomething toward protecting the caſtle from the Dane till the arrival of your ſon.

E. *Wal.* Miraculous! unhoped relief!—Come then —draw your companions hither—believe me you will not find me forgetful of a ſervice like this.

Adam. My Lord, We neither doubt your honour nor your generoſity: uſe us but according to the nobleneſs of your own nature, and our zeal in your defence, and we ſhall be fully ſatisfied. [*Exit* E. *W.*

SCENE II.

Enter Alice.

Alice. Dear Adam, I never was ſo rejoiced to ſee thee in all my life.—Are your friends all ſafe within the caſtle?

Adam. All—and all are yet too few—The Dane is arrived fluſh of men, and boiling with revenge for the loſs of his brother.

Alice.

Alice. Well, I don't fear 'em now Adam—you ſhall be our Hector to fight the Trojans.

Adam. The Trojans, Alice! What doſt thou know about the Trojans?

Alice. Know!—why a great deal—My grandfather uſed to tell me endleſs ſtories about the Trojan Greeks.

" *Adam.* Indeed.

Alice. " Oh yes—It was all his delight—and ſo of a " night he would ſit and reharſe ſuch things—About " the rape of Troy, and the deſtruction of the Greeks," and the burning of Fair Helen—and about Neſtor, that had ſeventy ſons—and how fifty men crept into a horſe's belly.

" *Adam.* Surely!

" *Alice.* And then he ſaid there was ſuch terrible " battles between Hector and Alexander, and Killics " and Hecuba."

Adam. Well, well, Alice, we'll fight like Greeks and Trojans true I warrant.

Alice. Yes, I have a good heart on't now, Adam—There be you and your companions, and Earl Egbert, and——

Adam. Earl Egbert, Alice! Earl Egbert is a Braggart, a Coward——

Alice. A Coward!

Adam. Ay, Alice—A falſe lying Coward—that would run from his own ſhadow, if on lifting his arm it appeared in a threatening poſture.

Alice. Mercy! Why he talks as if he could live upon Lion's hearts, and broil them himſelf.

Adam. Yes he has talked too much—he will repent his talking ere long. But come Alice, this is no time for talking with me—I muſt give thee a kiſs for comfort, and then to the battle.

SONG. ADAM BELL.

SHIELD.

Inur'd to wars and rude alarms,
Unſhaken amid the din of arms,

We

We ſtartle not at Terror's diſmal yells:
The ſhouts and clangors of the foe,
The horrors Death and Danger know,
But animate the heart where Courage dwells.
[*Exit* Adam, *manet* Alice.

Alice. Heaven be with thee, Adam—I love thee, and in ſpite of all my mother can ſay againſt thee, ever ſhall love thee.

SONG. ALICE.

SHIELD.

I.

How can my mother chide my love?
How can ſhe frown and ſcold me?
How can ſhe ſay he'll faithleſs prove,
As ſhe has often told me!

II.

Ah! did ſhe know his winning wiles!
Ah! could ſhe taſte ſuch bliſſes!
And heard his oaths, and ſaw his ſmiles,
And felt his precious kiſſes!
She would not ſurely chide my love,
She would not frown and ſcold me;
She would not ſay he'll faithleſs prove,
As ſhe has often told me.

III.

His lips are like the ſugar-pea,
His tongue is dipt in honey;
His words are dearer far to me
Than waggon loads of money!
Then do not, mother, chide my love,
Then do not frown and ſcold me;
Then do not ſay he'll faithleſs prove,
As you have often told me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Continues.*

Earl Egbert *and* Fool.

E. Eg. Prithee, Fool, good Fool, afford me conſolation—give me comfort, moſt ſage Fool.

Fool. I can't—cannot—unleſs I could give you wings—There is no eſcaping—bolts and bars forbid—ſtone walls are not to be moved with fine ſpeeches—" Rhe-" toric is loſt—eloquence thrown away upon 'em—a " key is your only Counſellor in this caſe."

E. *Eg.* Is it not very ſtrange, Fool, that I ſhould be as valiant as Alexander at ſome moments, and at others have no propenſity to moleſt even a mouſe? " No " man in England is at this inſtant leſs inclined to miſ-" chief, murder, and bloodſhed, than I am."

Fool. Then you have no inclination to die like a Hero, that you may live for ever?

E. *Eg.* Not the leaſt " in the world as I hope for " mercy—my thoughts are all turned to tranquillity" —Peace—peace and quietneſs is my wiſh—" and, " when one conſiders, that—that now is really a moſt " virtuous diſpoſition"—Why ſhould I cut any man's throat? Or why ſhould any man cut mine?

Fool. How will Anlaff underſtand that logic, when he finds that you are the perſon who kill'd his brother Alric?

E. *Eg.* I didn't, Fool, I didn't.

Fool. No.

E. *Eg.* No—" Thank heaven I have not that ſin to " anſwer for"—I kill'd nobody—" Nay more"—I never kill'd a man in my life.

Fool. Never kill'd a man in your life!

E. *Eg.* No.

Fool. Zounds, what a ſhame that is!

E. *Eg.* And I ſhall think it exceedingly hard if any body kills me. Oh Lord! What is that!

(*Shouts, and ſounding of the bugle horn is heard.*

Yes, yes, it is the Danes—What ſhall I do? I tremble all over—ſhake like a cobweb in a high wind—my imagination is haunted by ten thouſand furious figures of bloody minded Danes. I ſhall certainly be murder-

ed if I don't keep out of the way, [*looks*] Hark! [*Noise again and horn*] They are entered! [*Noise*] Aye, aye, they are at it—I'll hide myself in this corner till their firſt fury is abated [*Gets beneath the armour*] "Oh "that I could go to ſleep!

SCENE IV.

Enter Leonard.

Leo. Where can this vaunting coward, this ignominious Earl have hid himſelf?—Hark you, ſirrah, do you know any thing of Earl Egbert?

Fool. I know Earl Egbert, Sir!

Leo. Do you know any thing of him, ſirrah?

Fool. Yes, Sir, many things ——

Leo. I perceive by your countenance and equivocation you know where he is, and if you won't tell me peaceably, I will take you by the heels, and ſhake the ſecret out of you, ſirrah.

[Leonard *lays hold of the* Fool, *who immediately points to the place where* E. Egbert *is concealed*]

Fool. Sir—if you were to ſhake my ſoul out of me, I would not ſay a word.—Nay—kill me if you pleaſe—ſeparate me like an opened oyſter, but I won't ſpeak.

[*The* Fool *keeps pointing till* Leonard *goes and overturns the armour, and diſcovers* Earl Egbert.]

Leo. Be gone, ſirrah. [*Exit* Fool.]

SCENE V.

Thou ſhameleſs Lord! thou diſgrace to honour—But I have no Time to waſte with a Thing ſo baſe and inſignificant—Riſe—liſten and obey.

E. Eg. I will, good Sir, I will—what would you pleaſe to have me do?

Leo. Anlaff, the Dane, has ſent a Herald with a challenge.

E. Eg. Oh Lord! a challenge! To whom, pray?

Leo. To the man who vanquiſhed his brother Alric the conqueror, Anlaff will give hoſtages that if he

be conquered, the Danes immediately ſhall quit the caſtle; but if he conquer, the life of his enemy ſhall remain in his power, and Edwitha be given for his Bride.

E. *Eg.* Lord Sir! what's all this to me? You know I never killed Alric his brother, and you or he are very welcome to the lady.

Leo. Hear me, wretch!

E. *Eg.* I do, Sir.

Leo. Go to Earl Walter—and with your yeſterday's confidence profeſs yourſelf the Vanquiſher of Alric, and the Foe of Anlaff—Then ſend your own armour hither by your Dwarf, together with the ſword and ſhield you ſo valiantly took from the dead Alric; and after that, go hide—hang yourſelf—only be ſure to keep out of ſight.

E. *Eg.* That, Sir, at leaſt you may depend upon.

Leo. Away then—You are ſafe, therefore ſwell, and look important.—Dare not to fail—obſerve me—on your life dare not to fail.

E. *Eg.* I will endeavour, Sir, to obey.

[*Exit Earl* Egbert.]

SCENE VI.

Leonard, *and afterwards* Adam Bell.

Leo. This Reptile almoſt makes me forget, reſpect, and aſſume a chaſtiſer I deteſt.

Enter Adam Bell.

Adam. What are you determined, Leonard, to fight the Dane?

Leo. I am.

Adam. But wherefore do you take the diſguiſe of that cowardly Earl?

Leo. Why aſk you that?—you know it is a condition in the challenge of the haughty Anlaff, that he will not debaſe himſelf to fight any whoſe birth and origin are obſcure or mean.—" Beſides—I—but 'tis no matter.

" *Adam.* Well Leonard, there is not an arm on earth " I would more gladly commit the protection of every " thing

" thing moſt dear to, than to thine.—And yet—I am " not without fear—The Dane is a bold, and almoſt " matchleſs Warriour—Never yet equalled by his " moſt renowned or deſperate Foe.

Leo. " Aye!"—But I have a cauſe would nerve an Infant!—Edwitha! Love! and Edwitha!

Adam. Love and Edwitha! you rave, Leonard—And yet impoſſible as it is that love like this ſhould be ſucceſsful, I almoſt rejoice at it.

Leo. Aye, 'tis a noble paſſion, that adds ſtrength and dignity to courage, gives magnanimity to the lover's enthuſiaſm, and makes the young Hero more than mortal.—But we talk too long—Have you informed and cautioned our companions?

Adam. I have—their hearts and prayers are with you.

Leo. Away then, good Adam, watch the behaviour of that fooliſh Earl, and confirm him, if you ſhould perceive him faultering—Hold—take this Letter, and find ſome private way of conveying it to Edwitha, before we enter the liſts.

Adam. Well, Leonard—be firm—be reſolute—be—yourſelf—Farewell.——

Leo. Farewell!—I go, determined, to a glorious Victory!—or a glorious Fall!

(*Exit* Leonard.)

SCENE VII.

Enter Clym o' the Clough, *and* Will. Cloudeſley.

Adam. Welcome, my friends, every thing conſpires to procure our pardon. We have only to fight bravely, and ply our bows as formerly, and we ſhall become ſons of grace and favor.

Clym. Why look you, Adam, you know me—I am no Flincher—I conquer, or—or there's an end of me—that's all.

Will. And a dead man, Clym, don't value an angry King.

Clym. Right, lad.—He that fights and wins, may ſup in peace.

Will. And he that fights and dies, don't want any ſupper.

Adam. We ſhall have warm work.

Will. It's not the firſt time I have been in danger.

Clym. He that never was in danger, never knew the ſweets of ſafety.

" SONG. CLYM O' THE CLOUGH.

" E Z I O.

" When, o'er the World, the playful Lamb
" Hath, till the duſky twilight, ſtray'd,
" His tender plaints cry *Here I am*
" *Of night and ſolitude afraid.*
" But if, far off, his Dam he hears,
" Echoing oft the mournful bleat,
" He runs, and ſtops, and hopes, and fears,
" And bounds with pleaſure when they meet."

Will. Well, my lads, ſince reformation's the word, why I 'll reform; we have ſpent many a merry day together, but if they pardon an treat us like men, why ſo—if not—

Clym. If not, Will, I am an outlaw again.

Will. And I, by this right hand.

Adam. And I—But fear it not—they are noble, and we are brave.

ANCIENT GLEE, compoſed in the year 1500.

I.

We three Archers be,
Rangers that rove through the North Country,
Lovers of veni'ſon and liberty,
That value not honours or money.

II.

We three good fellows be,
That never yet ran from three times three,
Quarter-ſtaff, broad-ſword, or bow-manry,
But give us fair play for our money.

III. We

III.

We three merry men be,
At a laſs or a glaſs under green wood tree;
Jocundly chaunting our auncient Glee,
Though we have not a penny of money.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the Court-yard of the Caſtle.*

Enter Earl Walter, *Earl* Egbert, Dwarf, Saxon Herald, Edwitha, Adela, *and* Adam Bell.

E. *Wal.* You have heard, brave Egbert, the challenge of the imperious Anlaff, and the threat of inſtant ſaccage, if refuſed. You ſee the almoſt impoſſibility of our making a ſtand againſt his multitudes, and you know the perſonal proweſs of the Dane. Put therefore all conſideration of the particular ſafety of me or mine aſide.—Conſult your own feelings, and let them alone direct you.

Edw. Heavens! How I tremble.—He ſurely will not dare to accept the challenge.— [*Aſide to* Adela.]

Ade. Will he drink boiling Lead doſt think? or ſtand a tiptoe on a church Steeple?

Adam. You know your leſſon; ſpeak confidently. [*Aſide to* Egbert.]

E. *Eg.* My Lord—hem—I—Are you ſure the youth dare fight this Anlaff? [*Aſide to* Adam Bell.]

Adam. Yes—And I am ſure the youth dare cut your throat if you don't leave you quaking, " and ſpeak in " your other voice.—Come Sir,—mouth a little.—Ut- " ter your big breath. [*Aſide to* Egbert.]

" E. *Eg.* Hem! My Lord—hem—deeds done in " open day—muſt ſee the light.—That I have done " the deed which doth ſtir the gall of the angry Dane " is notorious and paſt recall.

" *Edw.* Doſt hear Adela? He is going to pronounce " my condemnation. [*Aſide.*]

" *Ade.* Pooh—ſilly—doſt thou not know him? 'Tis " all flouriſh.—One bright blaze, and the ſnuff is out."

E. *Eg.*

E. *Eg.* Alric is dead—Swelling renown ſits perched upon my Creſt.—Anlaff would pluck it thence and tranſplant it to his own.—" Anlaff—is mighty in " ſtrength—in bone—in ligament and ſinew awful!—" I am—but as other men.

" *Ade.* Ay—Think of that, good Earl Egbert, re-" member that.

" E. *Eg.* I—I do—I do.—Were I to compare my-" ſelf to the Dane,—my wriſt to his,—my leg,—or " eſtimate ſucceſs, by breadth of back—

" *Ade.* And how elſe, would you eſtimate my Lord? " you have no charm, to make yourſelf invulnerable. " —Blows—wounds,—and death—muſt determine " the fearful Conflict—If you once pronounce the " dreadful *yes*, fight you muſt—there is no retreating " —and die you muſt, unleſs you conquer—Anlaff " will never forgive his brother's death.

" *Edw.* Thanks dear girl.

" *Ade.* Fear nothing—obſerve his lip; that pro-" claims his thought.

" E. *Eg.* Why—theſe—theſe—a—'tis true—are " circumſtances, that will obtrude upon the fancy in " Valor's ſpight—and therefore—it will argue pru-" dence in me to decline the combat. [*During the next " ſide ſpeeches, Earl* Walter *ſeems engaged in ſpeaking " to the* Herald, *and* Adela *and* Edwitha *with each " other.*]

" *Adam.* S'death! what do you mean? accept the " challenge inſtantly—Shake off your fears, and ap-" pear confirmed, or by heaven I'll ſtab you—What " ſheep you are not to fight. [*Aſide.*]

E. *Eg.* I had forgot—I will, I will [*Aſide.*]—I ſay " My Lord.—Or I meant to ſay,—Theſe circumſtances " weighed might induce, a—a cautious man to turn " recreant, and decline the deſperate conteſt—but " no—

" *Ade.* How!

" *Edw.* I am loſt.

" E. *Eg.* No, no, no!—I am fixed—immoveable—" determined.

" *Adam.* Well ſaid, Sir—proceed."

E. *Eg.*

E. *Eg.* Away Herald, and hurl defiance forth. —Tell the mighty Anlaff, that Egbert the Valiant, who ſlew Alric the Cruel, will meet him inſtantly. [*Exit* Herald, *Earl* Egbert, *and* Adam Bell.]

Edw. Why then the die is caſt,—and I am the devoted victim.

SCENE IX.

Ade. Patience! Is it poſſible! It cannot be that he dare meet Anlaff! "the Dæmon of temerity poſſeſſes him"—My Lord you will be ſhamed, diſgraced for ever—my couſin ruined——

E. *Wal.* You are miſtaken, Niece.

Ade. No, Uncle—'Tis you are miſtaken—That braggart, that bubble will burſt, and leave an everlaſting ſtain upon your houſe, your happineſs, and honour.

E. *Wal.* I confeſs I have my doubts: I did not like his behaviour, and deſperate as our condition is, I even hoped he would refuſe, but I could not honourably controul his choice.

SCENE X.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, your ſon young Harold, and all his Knights, are haſtening to your relief.

Edw. My brother! Is he arrived?

Meſſ. Half an hour will bring him to the liſts.

Ade. Happy tidings! Delay the fatal trial my Lord, and ſave my Edwitha!

E. *Wal.* Oh! that I had the power—But—it muſt not be—my honour is pledged—the combat *muſt* proceed—Would he had arrived but one ſhort hour ſooner!

[*Exeunt Earl* Walter *and* Meſſenger.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Ade. Why this is madneſs!—My poor Edwitha!—ſurely men have conſpired thy deſtruction!—" This " Coward! this Thing! this Egbert!—But it cannot " be!—What, a fellow that faints if he cuts his " thumb—that fits trembling at an old woman's tale " of a ghoſt—that dare not ſleep in the dark—and " that would run away from a coat and a hat hung " upon a broom-ſtick to ſcare crows! He fight An-" laff! he!—Why didſt not ſee how he ſhook!

" *Edw.* It is indeed moſt unaccountable. The fear " of reproach may, perhaps, for a moment have over-" come his other fears: Be it as it will, there is *now* " no hope for me, and I have only to prepare, and " meet my fate becomingly.

SONG. EDWITHA.

SACCHINI.

" The rill that from the ſteep aſcent
" The mountain pebble waſhes white,
" Mournfully murmuring, as 'tis bent
" In ſearch of reſt, with anxious flight:
" That rill, e'er to the ocean borne,
" Shall ſooner from its motion ceaſe,
" Than my poor heart ſhall ceaſe to mourn,
" Than my poor heart regain its peace."

I apprehend the worſt, and go with a mind calmly fortified, and a patient reſignation to my fate

An arrow drops at the feet of Edwitha *with a letter.*

Edw. What is this, Adela? An arrow and a letter? [*reads.*]

' *To the faireſt of Earthly beauties the Lady* Edwitha.'

[*Opens the letter greatly agitated.*]

' Gentle Saint, Let your holy wiſhes and fervent ' prayers be offered to the giver of victories, for—' Leonard the Peaſant!'——[Edwitha *looks up at* Adela

Adela *almoſt overpowered, but with great expreſſion —reads again*] 'Who is ſoon to be engaged in all 'the hazard of mortal ſtrife, for the moſt virtuous, 'worthy, and accompliſhed lady of the World.'

" *Ade.* [*After a long ſigh*] Oh my poor heart!

" *Edw.* [*With her eyes fixed*] Why what is this! " What ænigma!

" *Ade.* A Miracle! A Man! A Hero! A Demi- " god! Had heaven granted me a Wiſh, this ſhould " have been the firſt! That he may be victorious is " the ſecond." [*With great fervour.*]

Edw. Oh, Adela! But now I was acquieſcent in the worſt of fortunes; had forbad my heart to flutter, reaſoned irregularity from my beating pulſe, and ſoothed my troubled paſſions into apathy—And *now* —in an inſtant, with increaſing violence, they are all returned, and overwhelm me with a ruſhing tide of fears.

Ade. Fears! Hopes! Extacies! Unexpected Raptures!—Why girl, thou art as one ſuddenly caſt from a precipice, whom a protecting Angel hath caught falling, and winged to Heaven.

[" *Trumpet ſounds*, Anlaff *croſſes the ſtage*]

" *Edw.* Why look thee, Adela—behold the good " proportion, the big ſtature and haughty confidence " of the Dane—Is he not an enemy to be feared?

" *Ade.* He may be matched.—[*Trumpet again.*] " Yonder is one coming, will teach him humility.

" *Edw.* Nay, but is not that Earl Egbert's armour, " Adela?

" *Ade* Yes, the caſe is his—[Leonard *enters, the* " *Ladies are on the farther ſide from his entrance*] " —but obſerve the ſtep—the geſture, and the form " —look at the modeſt manly air with which it " moves; then tell me, though it be the Shell of " Egbert, is it animated by the ſoul of Egbert, " think'ſt thou?

[" Leonard *bows with a modeſt reſpect as* " *he paſſes, then turns with an attitude* " *of hope and admiration, and goes off* " *to the combat.*]

" *Ade.*

" *Ade.* Oh brave, brave youth!
" *Edw.* The ſmiles of Heaven, and the ſtrength of
" Lions go with him!"

SONG. ADELA.

SHIELD.

I.

When Scorching Suns the thirſty Earth
Of all her treaſures drain,
The Roſe, of Summer's loveliеſt birth,
Droops on the languid plain.

II.

" But when refreſhing rains deſcend
" Again the Verdure ſhoots;
" Again reviving Nature ſends
" Her gifts of flowers and fruits.

III.

The heart exhauſted thus, depreſs'd,
A prey to ardent Woe,
Revives and ſmiles, when Joys ſo bleſt
Once more unhoped for flow.

[*Exeunt* Edwitha *and* Adela.

SCENE XII. *Changes to the Hall.*

Enter " Dwarf *and*" Fool.

Fool. " So, Dwarf, I would adviſe you to pack—I
" would counſel you to be gone—you and your thrice
" valorous Lord—ſteal off—now, while the hubbub
" of Contention ſhall cover your retreat—or you will
" both die by the diſhonourable diſtaff—Be adviſed,
" I ſay, and run—ſcud—ſcamper—ſkulk.

" *Dwa.* Think you my honourable Lord will take
" a Fool's advice?

" *Fool.* No—he never takes your's—But go—tread,
" trample, traverſe, trot, travel, trundel, trip, troop,
" trudge, I ſay, with trepidation. [*Exit* Dwarf.

" *Manet* Fool."

Fool.

Fool. The combat is going to begin, and we ſhall have hopes and fears, and aching hearts, and ſtreaming eyes, and ahs! and ohs! and hurra's! in plenty—It's a great happineſs I am a Fool, otherwiſe theſe things would make me melancholy—But ſinging and joking is a merry trade, and I ſhould be a Fool, indeed, to forego the beſt perquiſite of my place—No—let them them fight that will—I'll look on.

SONG.

FRENCH AIR.

I.

For were a man melancholy
At proofs of others folly,
His days would be waſted wholly
In moaning out oh, oh:
His cares each moment heaping,
His nights all ſpent in weeping,
He'd want time to eat or to ſleep in,
For his tears ſhould eternally flow.

II.

Then let 'em fight and quarrel
For Wealth, or Wench, or Laurel,
Pretending they abhor ill,
Yet I'll laugh out ah, ah!
He that wears the longeſt rapier
Let him make his enemy caper,
And his ſoul fly forth like a vapour,
My trade ſhall be ſtill ha, ha!

SCENE XIII. *and laſt.*

The Liſts, Daniſh *Knights, &c. arranged on one ſide, and Archers on the other. Earl* Walter, Edwitha *and* Adela *ſeated on a kind of throne, as near the front as may be.* Leonard *and* Anlaff *armed with ſword and target. Two Heralds, one* Saxon, *the other* Daniſh. *Trumpeters.*

[*Trumpet ſounds.*]

E. *Wal* Mighty Anlaff, let me demand on the part

of your antagoniſt, what is your cauſe of quarrel, and the motive of your preſent challenge?

Anl. Revenge for a dear brother, baſely ſlain, and reparation for a rude denial to an honourable propoſition.—Briefly, I ſeek to win Edwitha, whom I vehemently love, and puniſh Earl Egbert, whom I as deadly hate.

Leo. I demand to know the challenger's ſource of enmity to Earl Egbert.

[*Earl* Walter *is ſurprized to hear it is not Earl* Egbert *who ſpeaks.*]

Anl. Inſolent Lord, I *have* ſaid—thy proclaimed death of Altic.

Leo. Then is thy enmity miſplaced—For not Earl Egbert, [*lifts up his beaver*] but I, Leoline, the Briton, ſlew thy brother.

Anl. Leoline! [*amazed.*] Prince of the Britons!

Leo. In defence of that moſt chaſte and beauteous Lady, I ſlew him; and again, in her defence, here do I ſtand in thy defiance, proud Dane; nay further do proclaim my Love for her with a tongue as loud as thine, but with a heart, I hope, leſs arrogant.—Now, if thou haſt a ſoul worthy of ſuch moſt matchleſs Excellence, let it rouſe up every latent faculty, and fill thee with the divine furor of courageous Love.—Behold—look upon that lovely, that ineſtimable Prize, and be thou equal to a contention ſo exalted—Come—

[*The trumpets ſound the charge.—The combat:—during which,* Edwitha *and* Adela *are greatly agitated. Several turns in which the Combatants are each in danger, at laſt* Leoline *falls on his knee,* Anlaff *runs furiouſly at him, he ſprings on one ſide, averts the blow, and ſuddenly diſarms the Dane. Shout.*]

Leo. There, Sir, are your arms—Agreeably to your own condition, your life is in my power—but I do not thirſt for blood.—To repel lawleſs force, and redreſs the Injured, is the extent of my ambition.

E. *Wal.* Aſtoniſhment, noble youth, and joy almoſt deny my tongue the utterance of my full heart's gratitude—ſpeak—ſpeak—Edwitha.

Edw

Edw. I cannot, Sir.

Leo. Beauteous Edwitha, why I have appeared in a ſhape and character ſo ambiguous ſhall be the queſtion, I hope, of many a happy hour.—It was indeed to gain your true affection—not as a Prince, who could confer, but as a Suppliant who beſought your favour,—and ſuch let me ever continue.

Edw. Why am I ſilent?—Oh my heart!

Leo. I could not come, my Lord, proud of my birth, and heralding, my titles, to claim a jewel ſo ineſtimable, ſo much above the price of Kings, or Kingdoms.—No, Edwitha, though I love you to diſtraction, could I not firſt have won your heart, I never would have aſked your hand.—" My fixed paſſion, would have " deſcended with me to the grave, but never ſhould " have troubled your repoſe.

" *Ade.* You tell us, my Lord, how much you are in " love, but not how you became ſo.

" *Leo.* The fame of Edwitha's beauties, her virtues, " and the rare endowments of her mind, of theſe I " had often heard. At laſt a Knight, who had met " courteous entertainment, from my Lord her father " here, deſcribed her wit, her gentleneſs, and charms, " with ſuch enraptured words, I could no longer re- " ſiſt the ſecret wiſh to behold her, which from the " moment when firſt I heard her praiſe, I had ever " cheriſhed."—That my love has been ſucceſsful, is the happineſs and glory of my life.

Edw. Do not, generous youth, thus over-rate what you ſo kindly think valuable, " leſt hereafter you " ſhould find me far—far leſs deſerving, and I ſhould " loſe your Love.

" *Leo.* No, Edwitha—you have a native dignity of " mind incapable of degradation or alloy.

" *Edw.* Well, my Lord, I will at leaſt endeavour " to *be* what you kindly think I *am*."

Leo. My honour'd Lord, and Father, as I hope.

E. Wal. Willingly, my Lord—you have given me life and honour.

Leo.

Leo. Adam, and my brave Aſſociates, now no longer Outlaws, you ſhall be my Soldiers, and become true men as well as valiant.

Om Ar. Thanks noble Prince.

Adam. Sir, we will ever love and ſerve you faithfully—Alice, Thou art a true-hearted Laſs, and ſhalt liſten at night to the tale of thy bonny Adam Bell.

Alice. Then I ſhall be the happieſt Laſs in England.

FINALE. GLEE.

DOCTOR COOKE.

Come, come with ſongs of mirth and joy,
Let's celebrate the day;
Sing ſweetly to the am'rous boy
A dulcet Roundelay.

And you who hope ſuch bliſs to prove
Our moral make your care,
Nor till your hearts are worthy love
For love's Delights prepare.

END.